



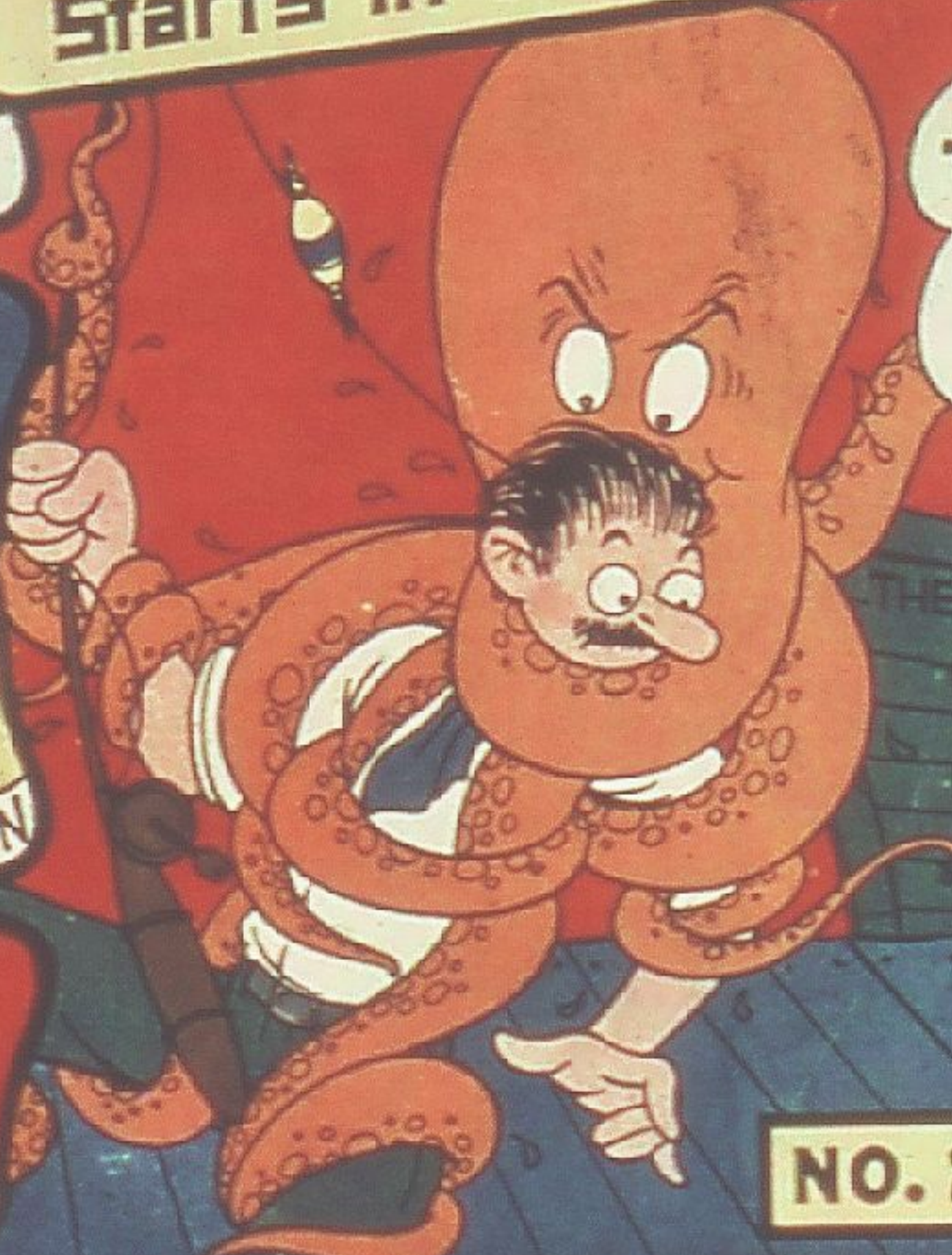
FEATURE COMICS

AUGUST

CHARLIE CHAN
Starts in This Issue!



GALLANT KNIGHT



GEORGE,
THROW HIM
BACK IN
THE WATER—
HE ISN'T A
FISH!!

THE GEORGE BUNGLER



NO. 23 10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,
'TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE,
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE —
"A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



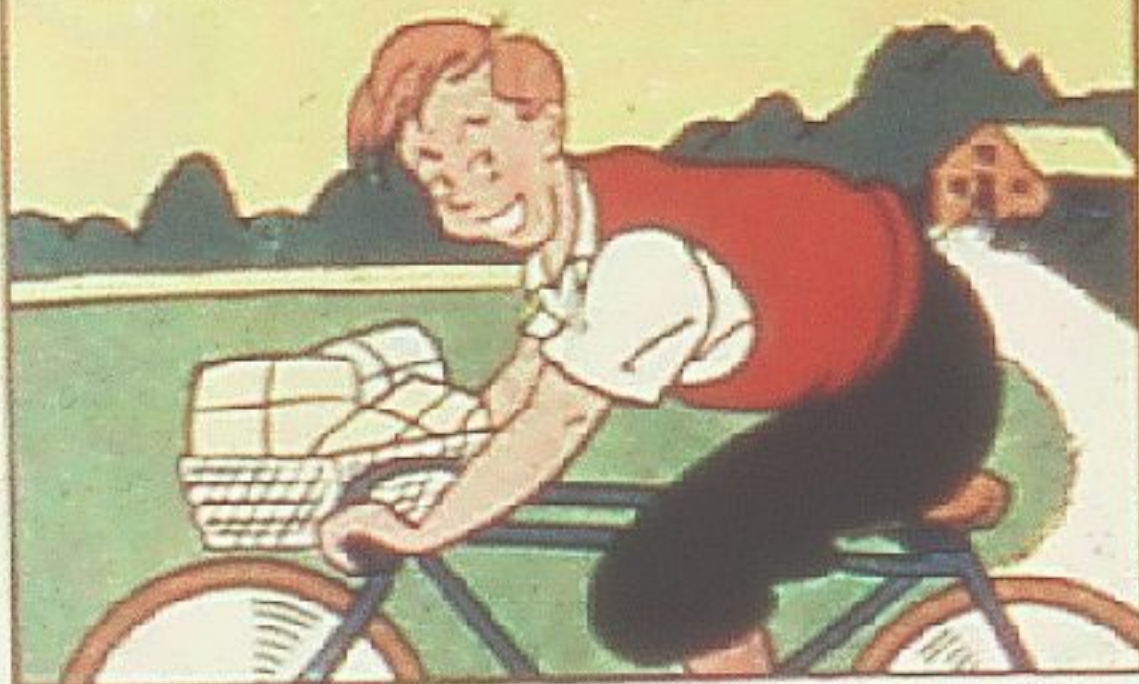
THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER —
A NIFTY HUM-DINGER,
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT —
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
'MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!



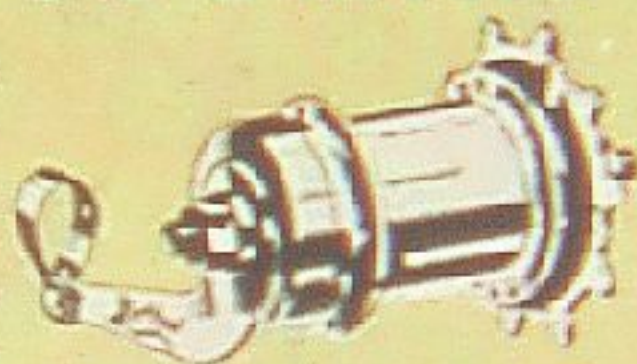
IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE —
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSLE —
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



Make sure your new bike
has a **MORROW**
COASTER BRAKE

Famous for 40
years! Quick stop-
ping, easy pedal-
ing, long coasting;
more ball bear-
ings (31) than any

other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike — ask for it!

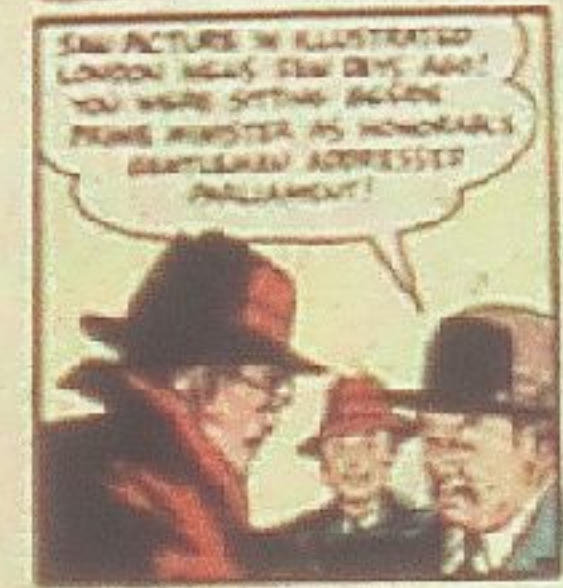
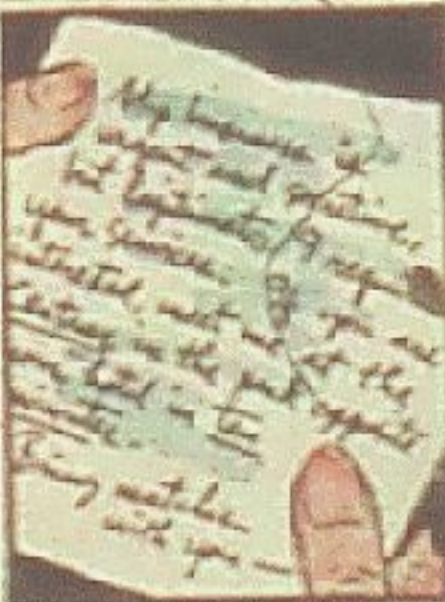


ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bendix Aviation Corporation, Dept. 271, Elmira, N. Y.

CHARLIE CHAN

By *Wong*

AT THE
RECENT
HOTEL, IN
LONDON,
CHARLIE
CHAN
AND HIS
SON, LEE,
DISCUSS
WAR
AND
DEATH...





OUR BUSINESS IS LEGITIMATE - BUT, I CAUTION YOU, DANGEROUS!

BRANDER IS THOUGHT OF CHARD, WHO, TO AVOID SHAKING DOG, FALLS BACKWARD INTO SHAKING PIT!



THOUGH VOLUNTARY TEACHING OF VENERABLE FATHER, ACCEPT PROPOSITION!

GOOD FOLLOW ME!



STACEY APPROACHES A CAR WITHOUT A JOB THE THREE MEN ENTER AND THE LATEST CHAIRMAN GOES TO



THE CAR COMES THROUGH THE TOWN AND FINALLY COMES TO A HALT...

THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN!



STACEY AND LEE FOLLOW STACEY INTO A LARGE OFFICE...

MR. EDWIN CHARTERED, THIS IS INSPECTOR CHARLES CHARD AND HIS SON LEE CHARD!



HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN? - AM I PRESUMING TO ASK YOU, MRS. LANSBURY?

IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE!



INSPECTOR CHARD, THIS ONE IS OF EXTREME IMPORTANCE TO US! - IN NO WAY MUST IT BE KNOWN THAT THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IS CONCERNED IN THE MATTER!



THAT IS WHY WE HAVE CHOSEN YOU - A FOREIGNER - BOTTLE OF ONE OF OUR OWN AGENTS!



WE WANT YOU TO FIND A MAN WHO HAS BEEN STOLEN!

KIDNAPPED!



NO - STOLEN IT IS NOT A CASE OF KIDNAPPING AS SUCH!



THE MAN IS QUITE AN AVERAGE BRITISH SUBJECT - BUT WITHIN THE LAST FEW MONTHS HE HAS BECOME OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT!



PLEASE, PLEASE! IS THIS MAN'S NAME AS-CHARDING?

GAD MAN! IT'S UNKNOWN! HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU KNOW?



FALLY MEMORY DOES NOT RETAIN FIRST NAME OF MAN MISSING FOR PERIOD OF WEEK! FOUND BEST OFFICE IN NEIGHBORHOOD THIS MORNING!

YOU ARE RIGHT! - HERE IS THE ACCOUNT!



CHEMIST NOW MISSING A WEEK
The following information was received from the London Police Department on the 1st of the month of June, 1934, regarding the disappearance of a man named as-CHARDING, who was last seen on the 28th of the month of May, 1934, at the age of 35, and was a native of London, England.



WHY HE IS IMPORTANT TO US I CAN'T SAY, BUT WE HAVE NO MORE INFORMATION THAN THAT! IT IS YOUR JOB TO FIND HIM, MR. CHARD!



SOMEONE'S LACK OF INFORMATION WOULD BRING MORE CONFUSION OF CLUES! HE WHO STARTS WITH CLEAR DATA AND THEN CLEAR COURSE WILL HAVE LEAST CONFUSION RESULTS!



GOOD! HE IS NOT DISAPPOINTED THEN!



WE HAVE SELECTED LANSBURY AS YOUR AGENT! HE HAS BEEN IN THE AIR SERVICE OF HIS MAJESTY IN MORE FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS, AND IS NOT WELL KNOWN OVERSEAS!

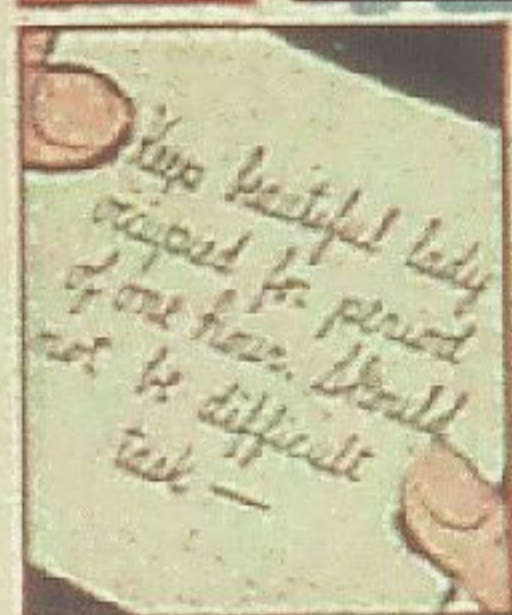
VERY PLEASED FOR MOST ABLE ASSISTANCE!

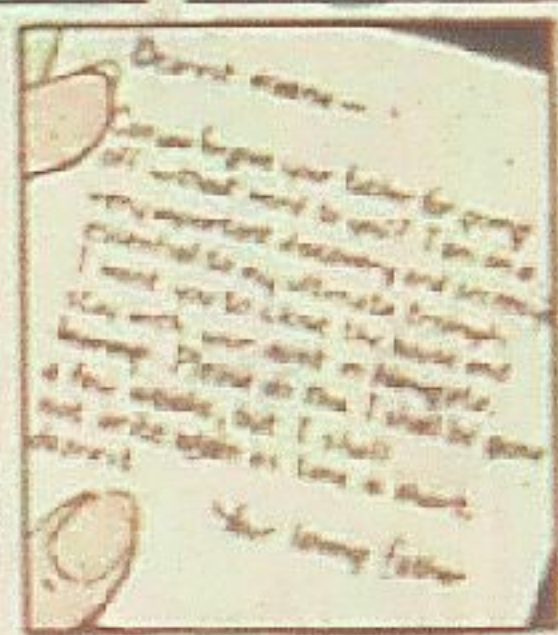


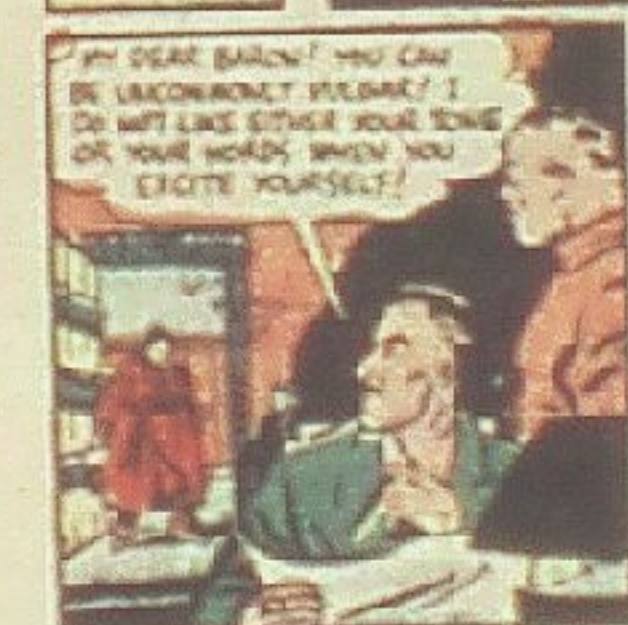
MR. LANSBURY WILL OCCUPY A ROOM AT YOUR HOTEL! HE HAS ALL ORIGINALS THAT MAY BE OF USE TO YOU - THE VERY BEST OF GOOD FORTUNE INSURE!

THANK YOU, MR. CHARD! FORGIVE ME MYSELF! - COME! IN MORNING WE TRY CALL ON MR. CHARD!

THE MURDER-
MARTIN
DARK AND LATE
BY THE LIGHT
OF THE MOON
AND STARS
HAD BEEN
TO THE...





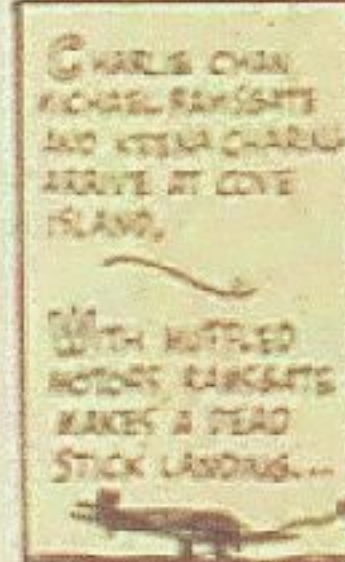
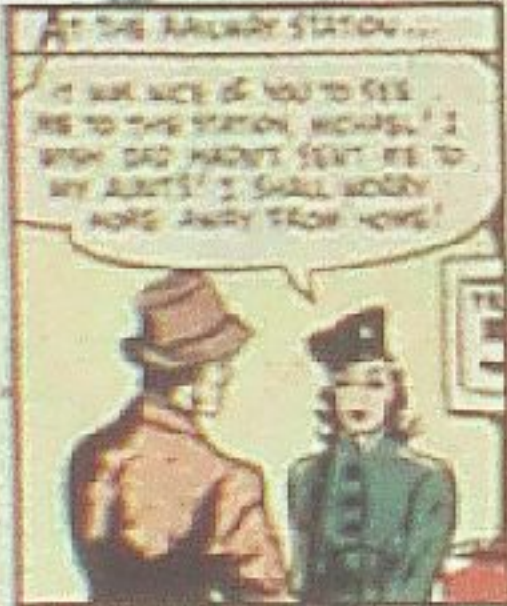




YES—YES! I AM NOT DECEIVING YOU! THE MESSAGE 'IT' IS IN THE TOP DRAWER OF MY DESK!

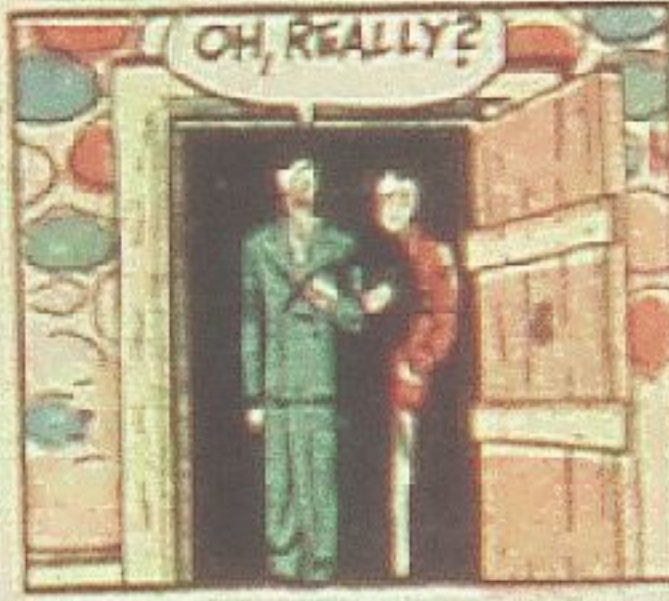


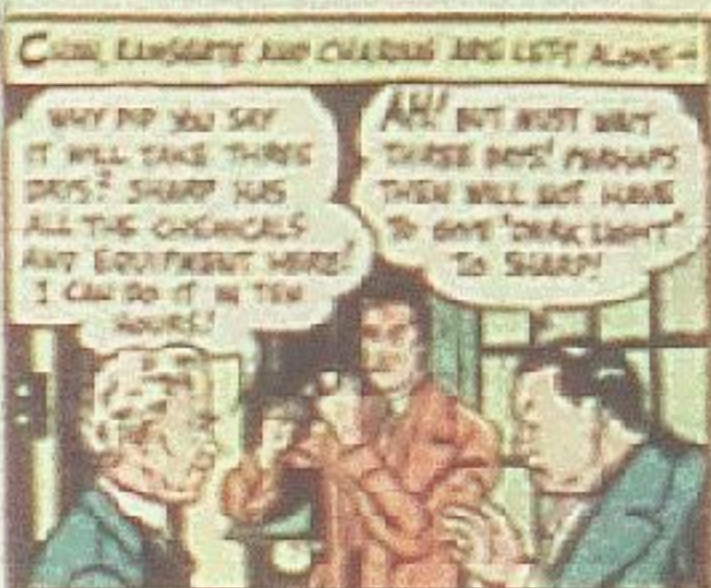
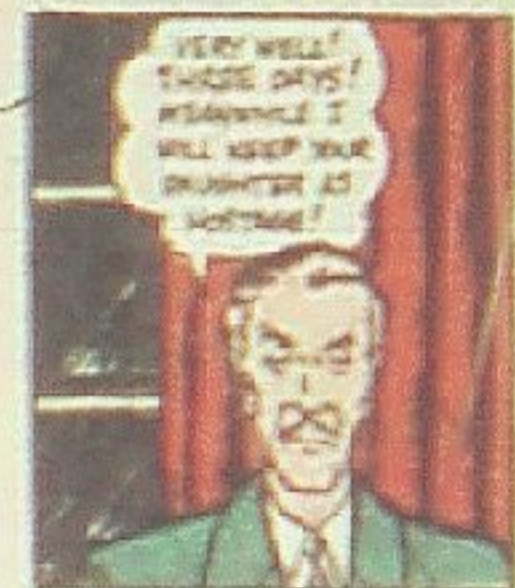
ARRIVING IN LONDON, CHIEF AND "LUGGER" WATCH KEENA AND MICHAEL RAMSAY LEAVE THE HOUSE IN RAMSAY PLACE...

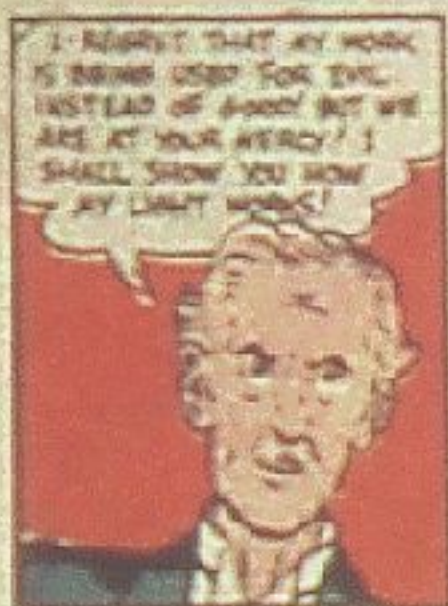


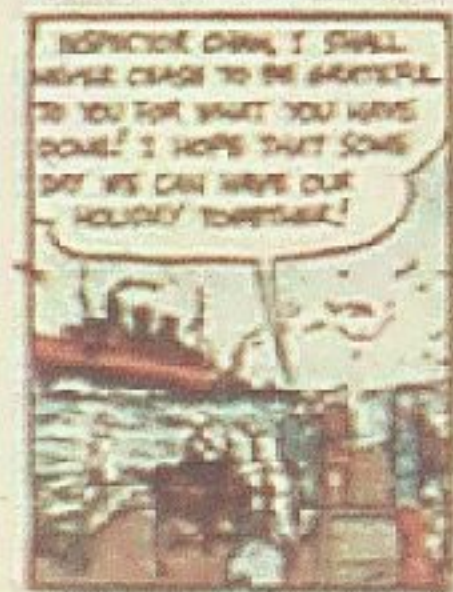
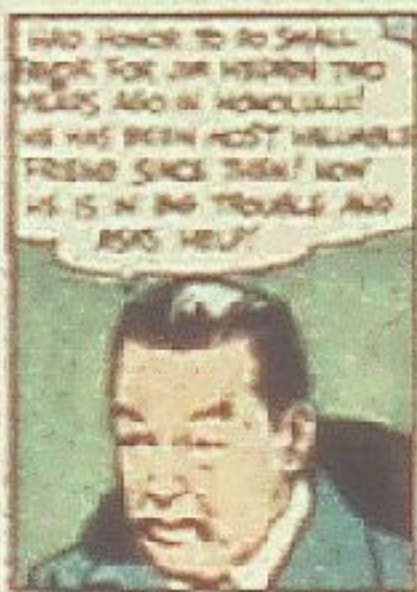
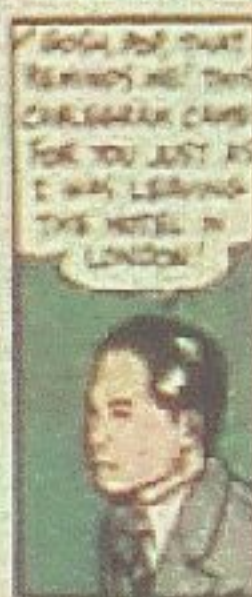
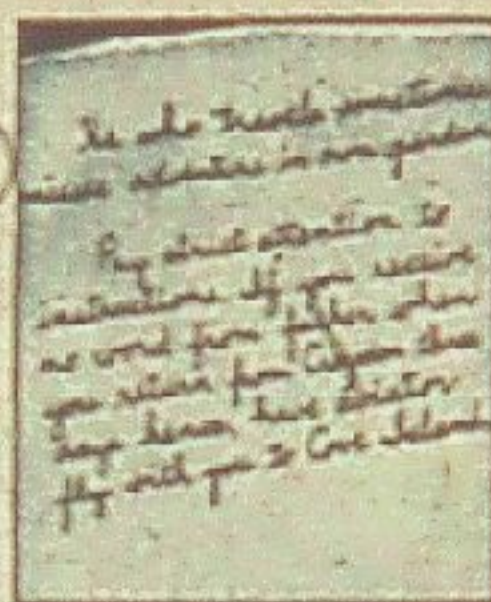
CHARLES CHAN, MICHAEL RAMSAY AND KEENA CHAN ARRIVE AT COVE ISLAND.

WITH HUSTLED MOTORS, RAMSAY MAKES A DEAD STICK LANDING...











DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIBEL



Follow Dixie Dugan in the September issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale July 28th.

Gallant Knight

by VERNON HENDEL

A GREAT BANQUET IS HELD AT THE COURT OF NAUPRIA, WHERE SIR NEVILLE IS HERALDED FOR HIS GALLANT RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS ALICE D'ASSIGNY...



YOU HAVE DONE GREAT SERVICE TO OUR LAND—THE KING IS PLEASED, AND NOW OFFERS YOU EVERY LIBERTY OF HIS COURT!



THE LAMON COURT LIFE HOLDS NEVILLE'S FASCINATION BUT IS SHORT LIVED—WHEN A MESSENGER HURRIED INTO THE BANQUET HALL...



SURE, NEWS HAS REACHED THE GREAT COURT OF CHARLES, KING OF THE FRANKS, THAT THE TARTAR PRINCES OF THE EAST ARE INVADE THE REALM AND AN IN WAR IS ASKED OF HIS VASSAL KINGS!



ONCE AGAIN THE FERY HEART OF SIR NEVILLE POUNDED WITH THE THOUGHT OF ADVENTURE AND GLORIOUS BATTLE

BUT SIR RAYMOND OF NAUPRIA WAS THE FIRST TO SPRING TO HIS FEET...

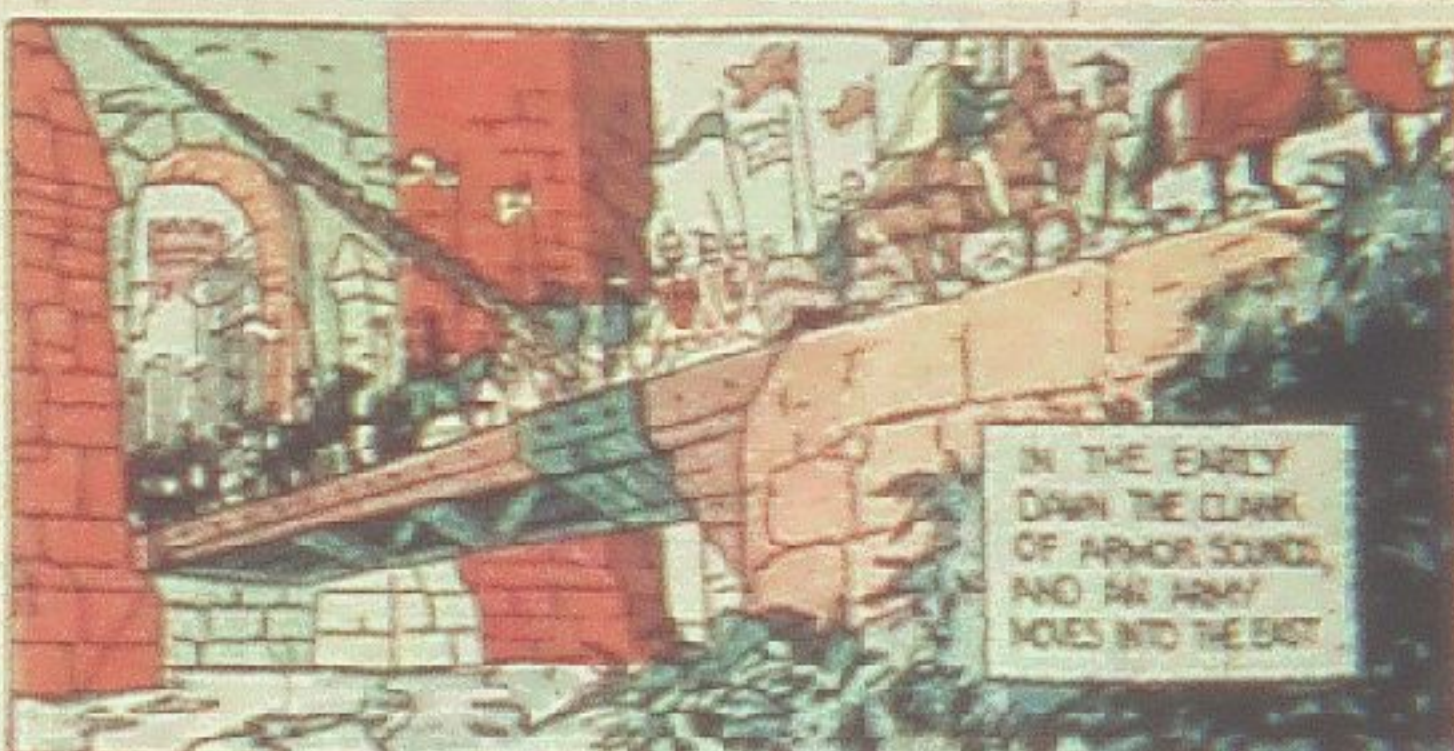


WE MUST FIGHT FOR CHARLEMAGNE, O' LORD!

YOU MAY TAKE THIS MESSAGE, SIR HERALD—MY ARMY WILL RIDE AT ONCE TO JOIN THE KING'S FORCES IN THIS WAR AGAINST THE PAGAN!



LONG LIVE THE KING!!



IN THE EARLY DAWN THE CLANK OF ARMOR, SOUNDS AND AN ARMY MOVES INTO THE EAST

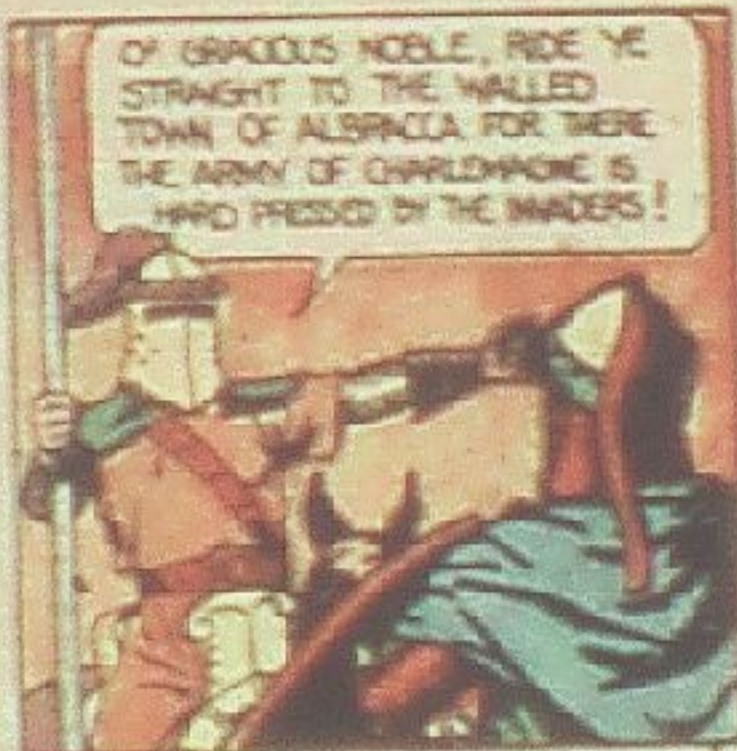


WE HAVE LEFT THE FAIR LAND
OF NAVARRA FAR BEHIND AND
SOON SHOULD REACH THE
PAGAN COUNTRY



LOOK! A HORSEMAN
RIDING HARD THIS WAY!

AS THE SETTING SUN CAST ITS LONG
SHADOWS ACROSS A STRANGE LAND



OF GRACIOUS NOBLE, RIDE YE
STRAIGHT TO THE WALLED
TOWN OF ALBRICIA FOR THERE
THE ARMY OF CHARLEMAGNE IS
HARD PRESSED BY THE INVADERS!



THIS IS UNKNOWN LAND TO ME
AND I FEAR NAUGHT IN MY ARMY
OF TEN THOUSAND
KNOW THE WAY
TO THIS CITY!

FOLLOW ME -
I SHALL LEAD
YOU THERE!



SIR RAYMOND, I LIKE NOT
THIS QUEST - FAR HAVE I
TRAVELED BUT NEVER HAVE
I HEARD OF THE CITY THIS
HELMED KNIGHT SPEAKS OF!



OUR HORSES ARE
WEARY - WE WILL
HAVE CAMP FOR
THE NIGHT!

FOR ANOTHER DAY AND NIGHT THE
ARMY PUSHED ON THROUGH A DARK
AND SINISTER FOREST.



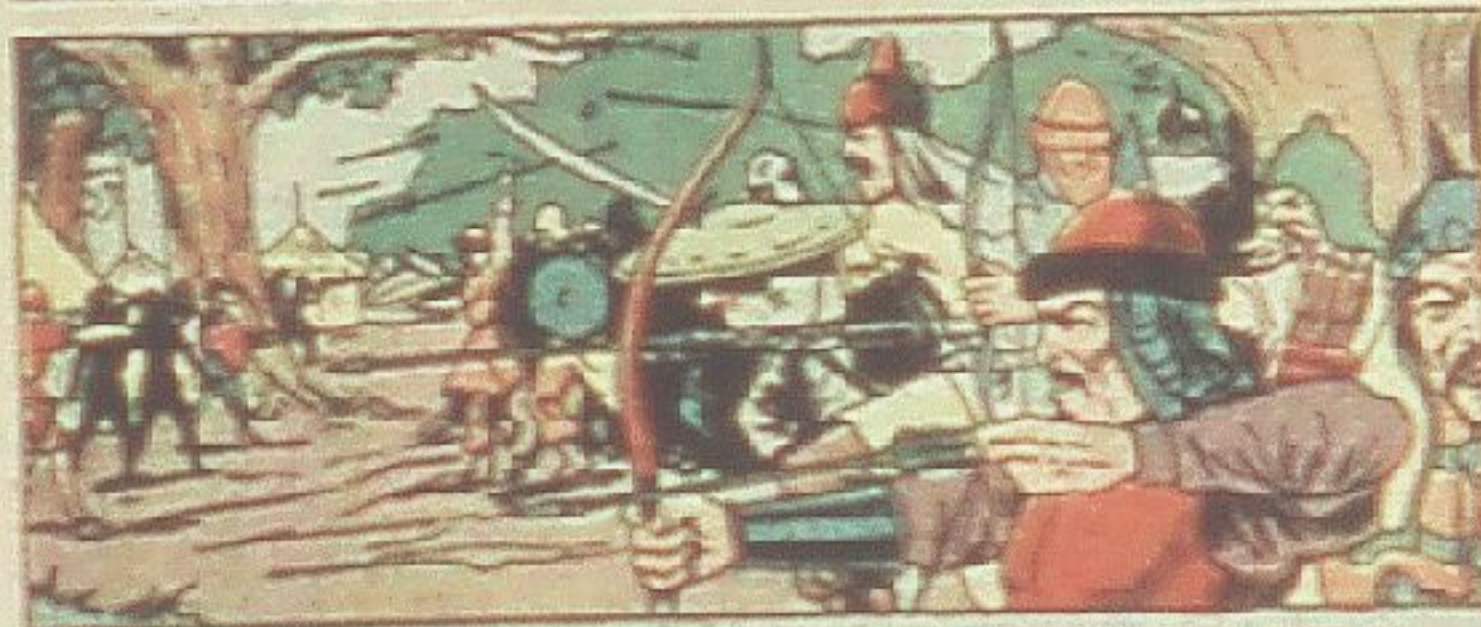
I AM CERTAIN THERE IS SOME-
THING AMISS! - I SAY, LET US
FURTHER QUESTION THIS GUIDE
WHO'S VERY FACE WE HAVE
YET TO BEHOLD!



GONE!
HIS TENT
IS EMPTY!



HORSE TRACKS IN THE MUD -
WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED - SOUND
THE ALARM!



THE TRUMPETS OF NAVARRA WERE MINGLED WITH THE CLASH OF TARTAR
CYMBALS AND DRUMS, AND A PAGAN HORDE SWEEPED OUT OF THE DARKNESS!



TARTARS! WE HAVE
FALLEN INTO A TRAP!

BUT TWO HAD FORESEEN THIS TRAGEDY AND SR NEVILLE AND THE KNIGHT, RAYMOND, HAD SPURRED THEIR MOUNTS THROUGH THE ENROLLING ENEMY---



IT'S THE TRACKS OF THE FALSE GUIDE!



--AND THAT IS HE STANDING AND YON TARTAR DAND!



LIKE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING THE FURIOUS KNIGHTS OF CHRISTENDOM STRUCK!!



YOU KNOW TOO WELL THIS LAND, TARTAR SPY! THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT--NOW SHOW ME!



QUICK!

FOLLOW ME!



SUDDENLY THEY BURST INTO A CLEARING--

CHARLEMAGNE!



UPON SEEING THE GLISTERING ARMY OF THE FRANKS, THE TARTAR WHIRLED HIS MOUNT AND DASHED INTO THE DEEP FOREST----

OUR PRISONER IS ESCAPING!



STOP HIM! HE WILL TRY TO WARN HIS CHIEF OF OUR COMING!





AS SIR RAYMOND PLUNGED INTO THE DENSE WOODLAND TO STOP THE WILY ORIENTAL —



SIRE! THE ARMY OF NAVARRA HAS FALLEN INTO A TARTAR AMBUSH!



LEAD THE WAY, SIR KNIGHT, THE ROYAL BANNER FLUTTERS BEHIND YOU!



PRAY THEE, SIRE, WE ARE DONE FOR — WE ARE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED AND CAN NEVER BREAK THROUGH THAT WALL OF STEEL!

MEANWHILE, THE NAVARRA FORCES FIGHT DESPERATELY....



HARK! DO I HEAR THE DISTANT TRUMPETS OF GOOD CHARLEMAGNE — OR CAN IT BE THE HEAT OF BATTLE PLAYING TRICKS ON THE MIND?



HAYAH! THE FOREIGN DEVILS COME!



THE ARMED FORCES OF THE KING STRUCK THROUGH THE LONG RANKS OF THE TARTAR ARMY.



VERNON HOBBS

—AND WHEN THE SUN ROSE BLOOD-RED OVER THE FIELD OF BATTLE THE SHATTERED TARTAR ARMY WAS NO MORE.

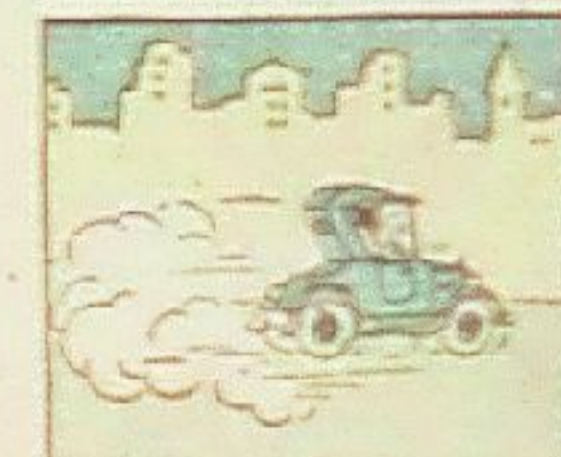
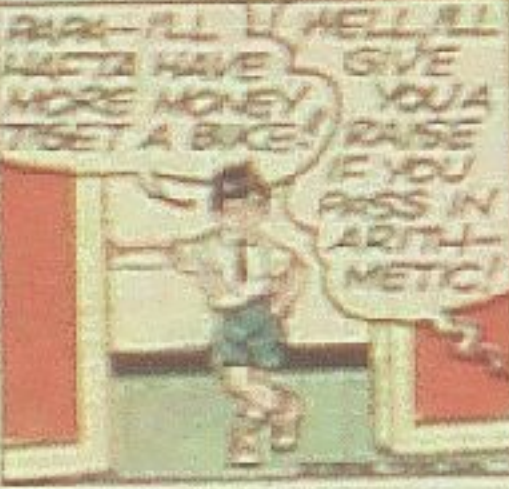


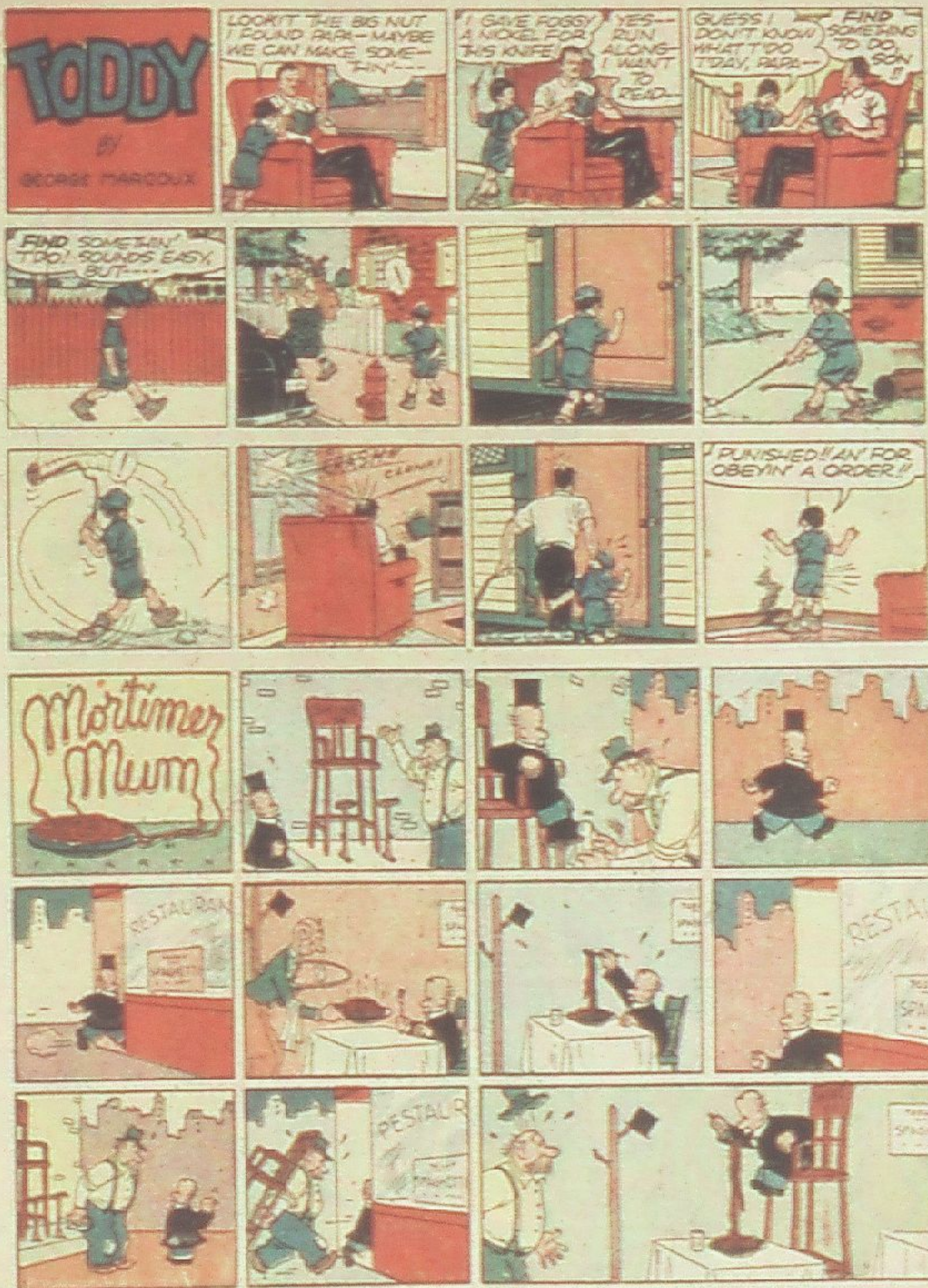
SIR RAYMOND! — HE HAS NOT RETURNED!!

THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

TODDY

BY
GEORGE MARCOUX





More of Toddy and Mortimer Munn in the September issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. BERRY

Copyright, 1934, by E. W. Berry
First Edition, 1934

NO ONE
STOPPING IN
THIS TOWN,
IS THERE,
GANG?

HEN'T THAT
SOMEONE PLACING
US DOWN, COACH?

WHAT CAN WE DO
FOR YOU, PARTNER?

IS THIS THE
CARTER COLLEGE
OUTFIT?

YES, SIR.

I'VE
BEEN
WAITING
HERE
FOUR DAYS
TO SEE
YOU

I THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT WANT
TO TAKE A LOOK
AT ONE OF THE
GREATEST KICKERS
I EVER SAW!

WELL, MY TEAM COULD USE
A GOOD KICKER, ALL RIGHT—
IS HE COMING
TO CARTER?

HE'S RIGHT HERE IN
THE HOTEL DINING
ROOM, COACH.

AFTER ALL, YOU
CAN'T LOOK AT A
FELLOW IN A HOTEL
DINING ROOM AND TELL
WHETHER HE CAN
KICK.

YOU JUST
WAIT AND
SEE.

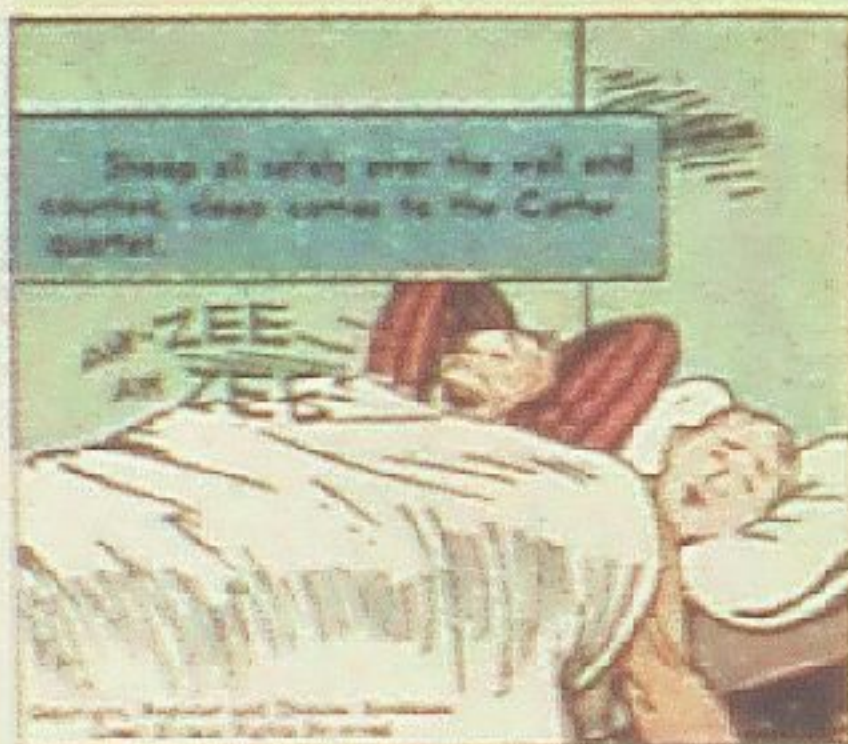
THERE HE IS—
BOY, CAN HE
KICK!

LISTEN!
I CAN GET
24-HOUR SERVICE
AT THE LAUNDRY
AND MY CAR IS
OVERHAULED IN
TWO DAYS—IS THERE
THE SAREST POSSIBILITY
THAT IF I ORDER MY
DESSERT NOW, I CAN
GET IT BY EARLY
AUTUMN?

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

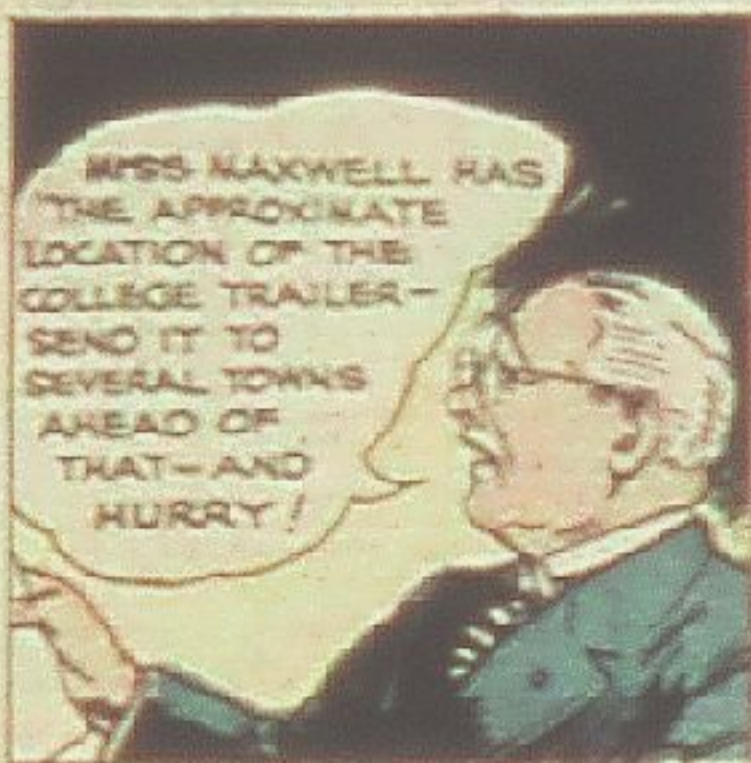
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NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DREW



Ned Brant is continued in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale July 28th.

SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Walsh

TUBBY NOW KNOWS THAT JUDY LIKES ROGER BLISH—SO HE INTENDS TO HELP HER.

THERE GOES ROGER AGAIN—AND I BET I KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING!

PLEASE DON'T MENTION HIM!

SEE! I TOLD YA—THE MOVIE STAR AGAIN! SHE'LL MAKE A FOOL OUTA HIM QUICK!

OH, TUBBY! STOP IT!

IT'S NOT FAIR! HIM!! I GOT ER TO TALK ABOUT FIGHTING FOR HIM! MY PLAN AFTER HE'S BEEN SUCH A HERO!

IS NOW STARTIN' TO WORK!

THOSE RICH KIDS ARE EASY MARKS FOR MOVIE QUEENS!!

OH, DIXIE IS JUST PROBABLY ATTRACTED TO ROGER BECAUSE HE'S BEEN A HERO!

IF THE HORSE DIDN'T KICK HAMMOND, ROGER WOULD NEVER CAUGHT HIM!!

SOMETIMES BEIN' A HERO IS JUST BEIN' LUCKY!

I WONDER!

SHE WONDER!! THAT'S A WOMAN FOR YA! SHE'S GOTTA SEE IT PROVED HE'S A HERO! WELL, SLIM, ANY I CAN FIX THAT I GUESS!

SAY, TUBBY, NO HARM IN THAT—IS THERE?

HE TOOK JUDY AWAY FROM YOU, ROG!

THAT'S ALL OVER NOW, SLIM—LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT!

IT'S TOO BAD! YOU AND JUDY WERE A NICE MATCH I THOUGHT—

DON'T SAY THAT—WHY DON'T YOU GO TO HER AND—

NO SIR! I'M NOT TO BLAME FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED!! THE NEXT MOVE IS UP TO HER!

WELL, EVEN IF YOU DON'T GO BACK TO JUDY, ROG, WHY LET THAT DIXIE MAKE A SAD OF YOU?

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY, SLIM!! I CAN STAND JUST SO MUCH!!

WELL, YOU OUGHTA KNOW THAT DIXIE'S AFTER YOUR MONEY!

YOU TAKE THAT BACK!

I WON'T TAKE IT BACK!

TAKE IT BACK OR I'LL—

HOW!! SLIM'S GOT THE BALL ROLLIN' NOW!

I'LL TAKE BACK NOTHING! I STILL STAND BY WHAT I SAID!!

I'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS TO—

OH!! THIS IS JUST AWFUL!

ALL RIGHT, SLIM—YOU ASKED FOR THIS SO—

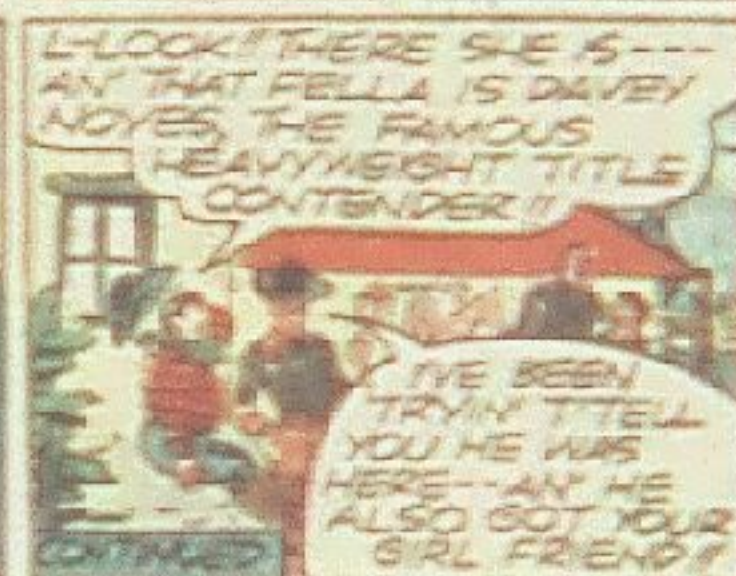
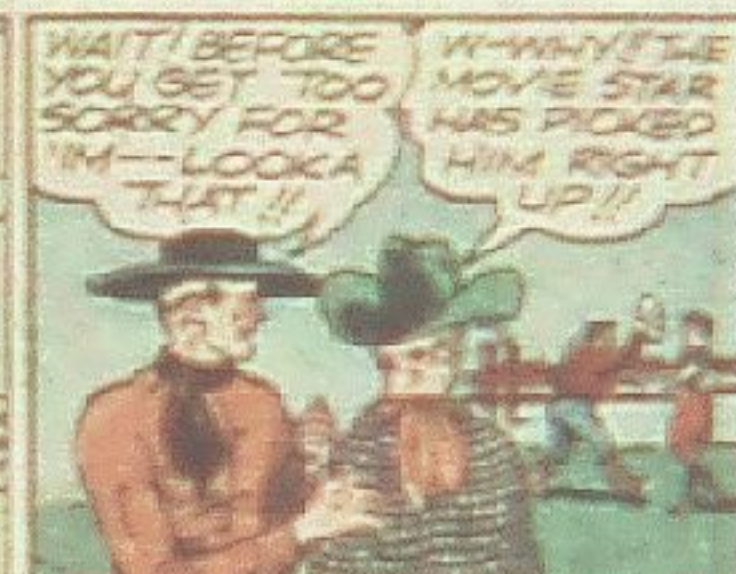
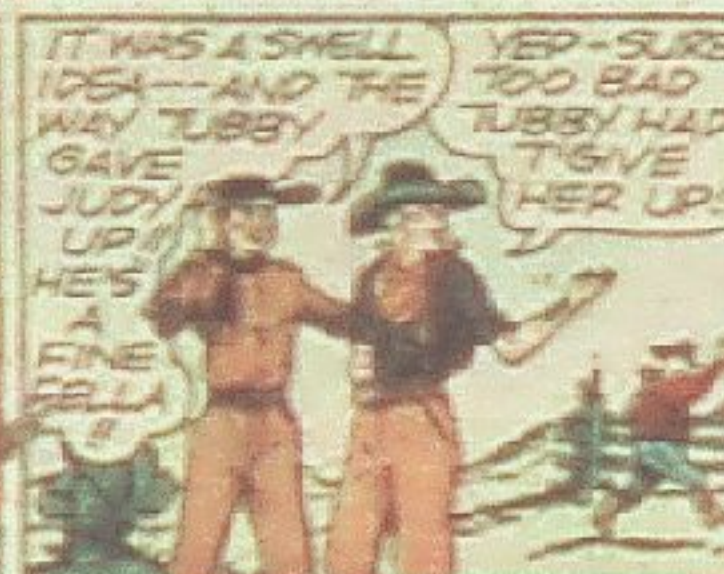
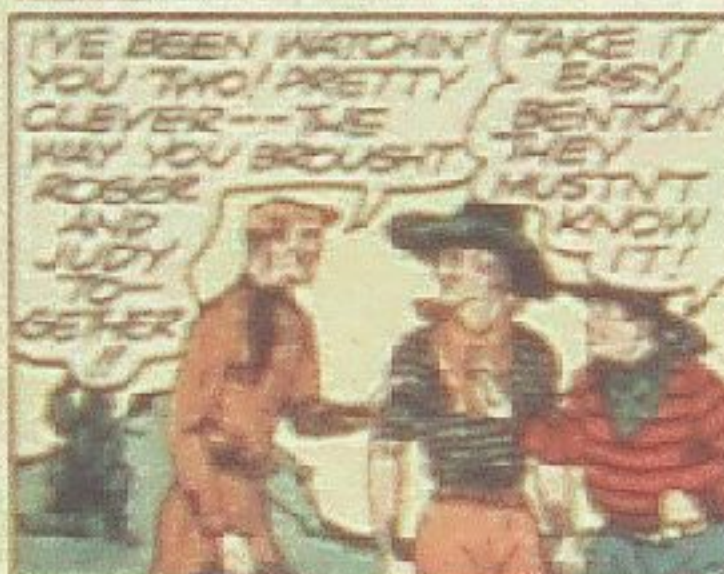
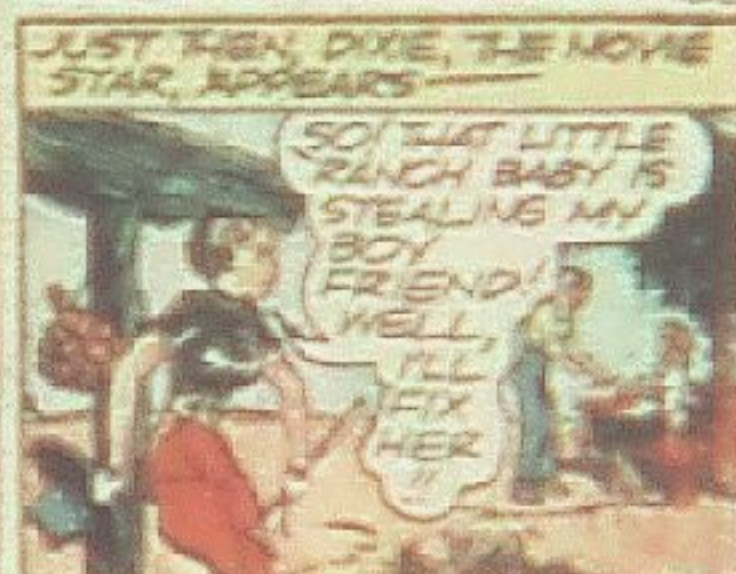
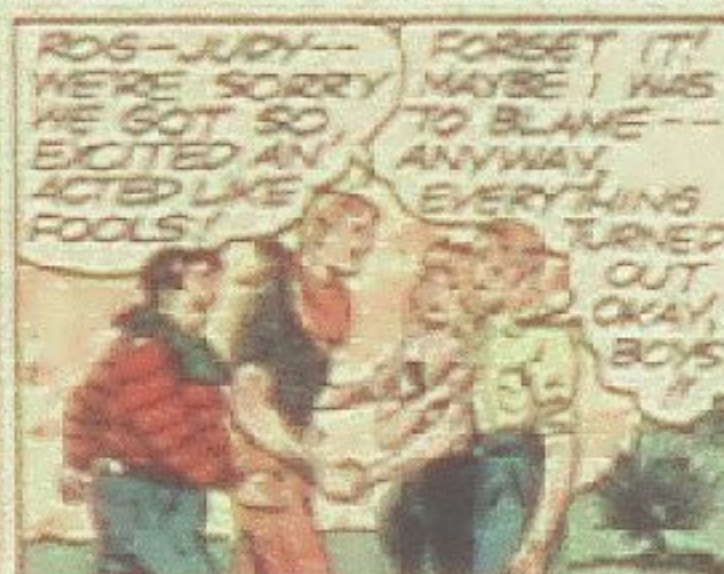
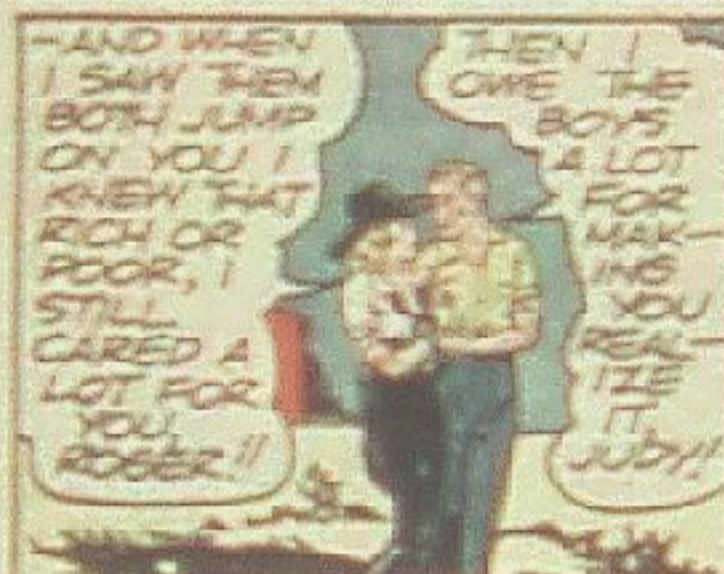
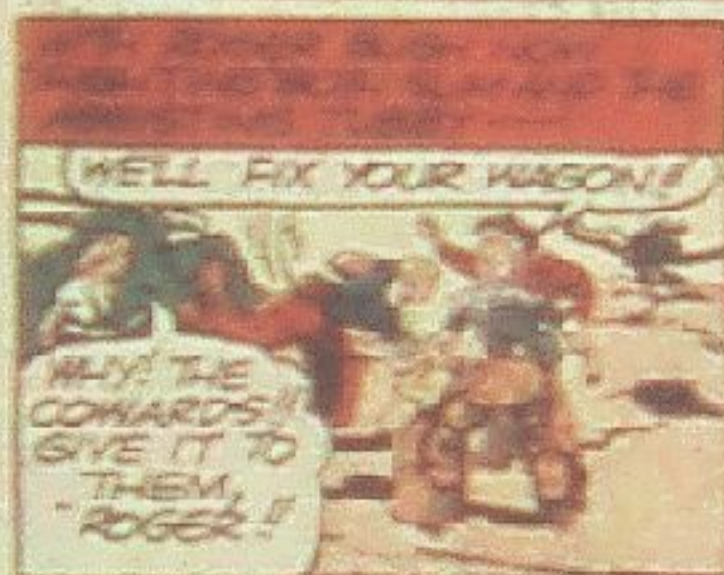
GOOD HEAVENS, TUBBY—MAKE THEM STOP!!

STOP NOTHING! HE HIT SLIM—THAT MAKES IT MY FIGHT TOO!

OH! BUT YOU CAN'T BOTH JUMP ON ROGER! PLEASE—

Slim and Tubby

John J. Welch



Slim and Tubby is continued in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,

ROLLS DEVELOPED

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Professional Enlargements
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"WAKE UP BUTCH!!— I HEAR COPS DOWNSTAIRS!"

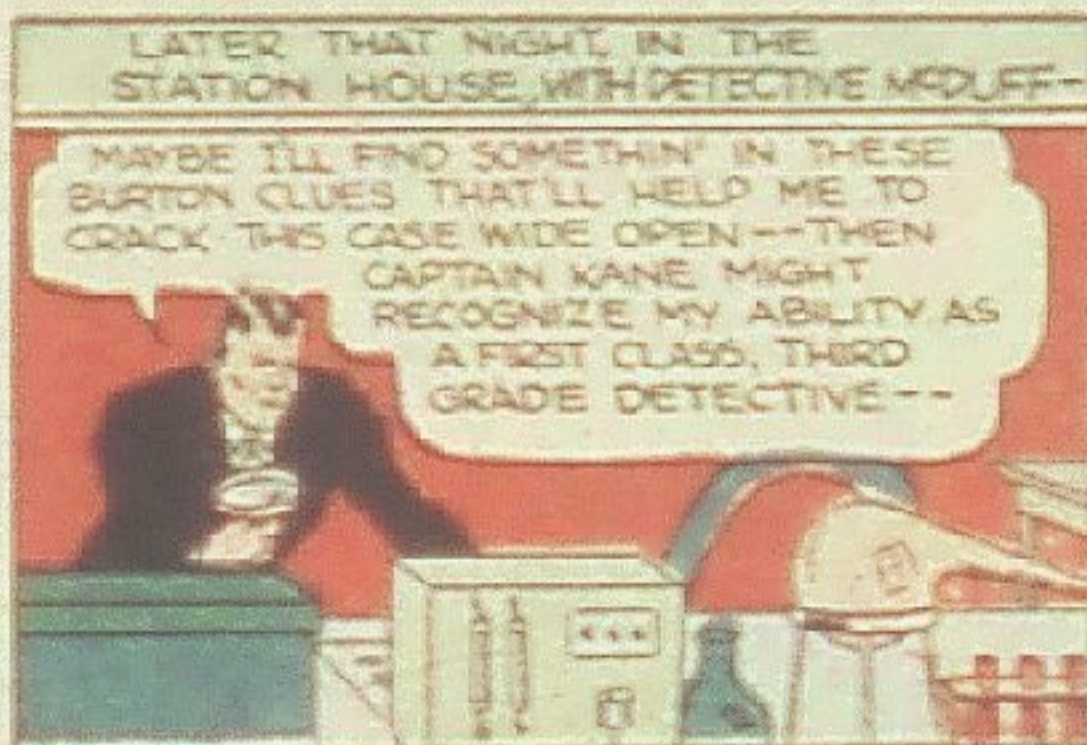
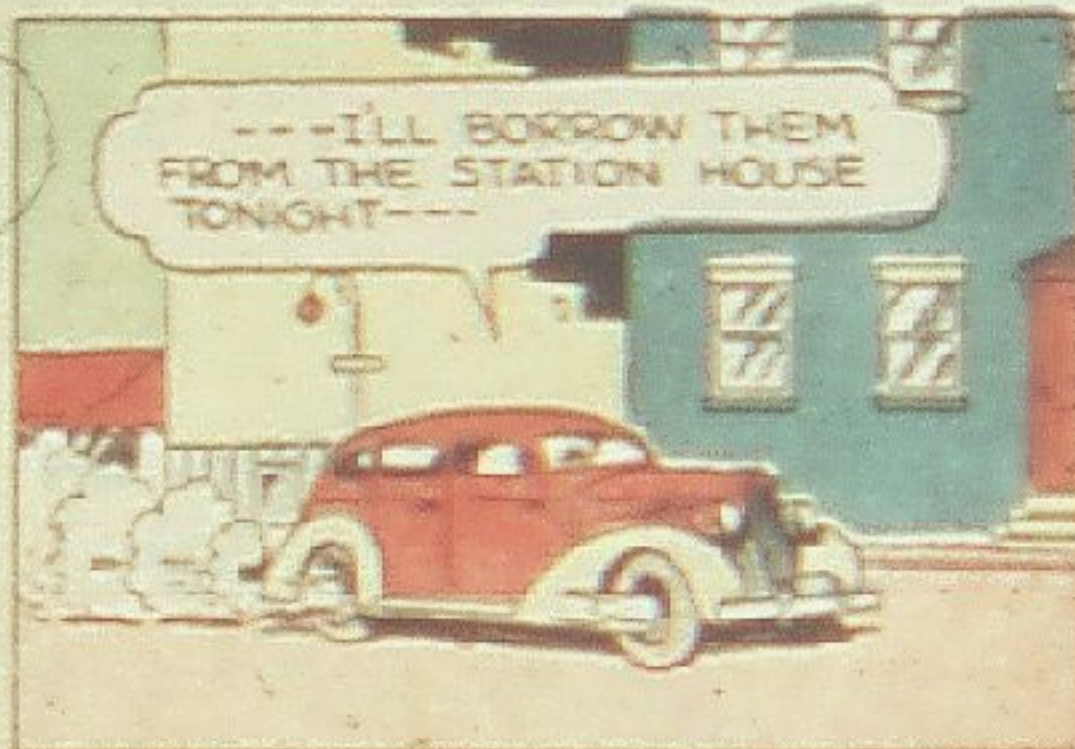
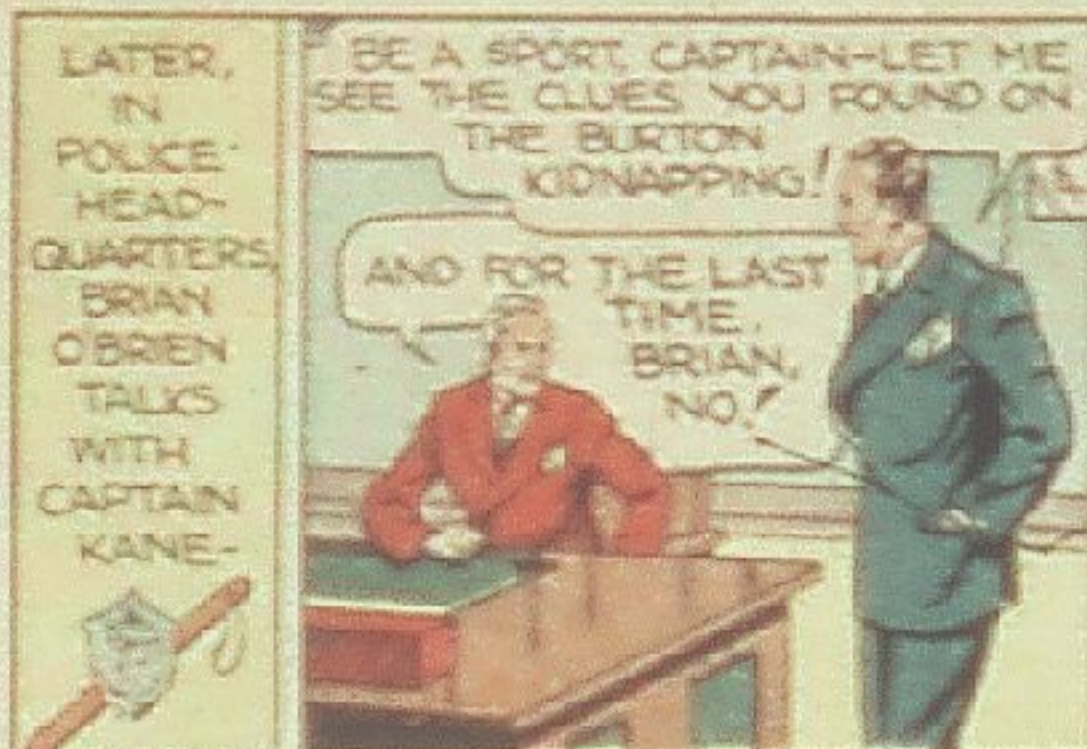
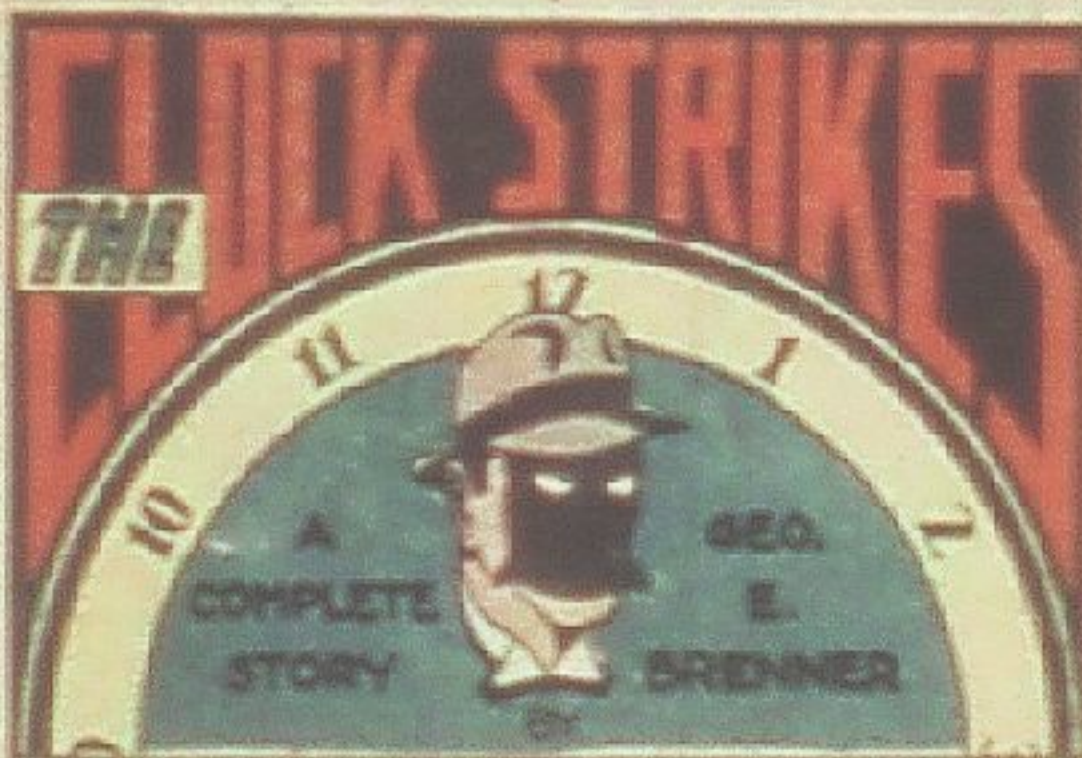


"WE DON'T THINK THAT'S NECESSARY UP HERE, THROCKMORTON!"



"IT'S NICE THAT YOU DON'T ALLOW DOGS HERE--MY CATS WILL BE SAFE NOW!"





OH-OH--THE MIGHTY MCDUFF IS ON GUARD--I HAVEN'T USED VENTRILOQUISM IN SOME TIME--I HOPE IT WORKS--

MCDUFF - COME HERE A MOMENT!

I'M COMIN!

WHAT TH --- I THOUGHT TH CAPTAIN WAS COME FOR TH NIGHT --- OHAY---

IM
COMIN

NOW, TO LOOK THESE THINGS OVER-

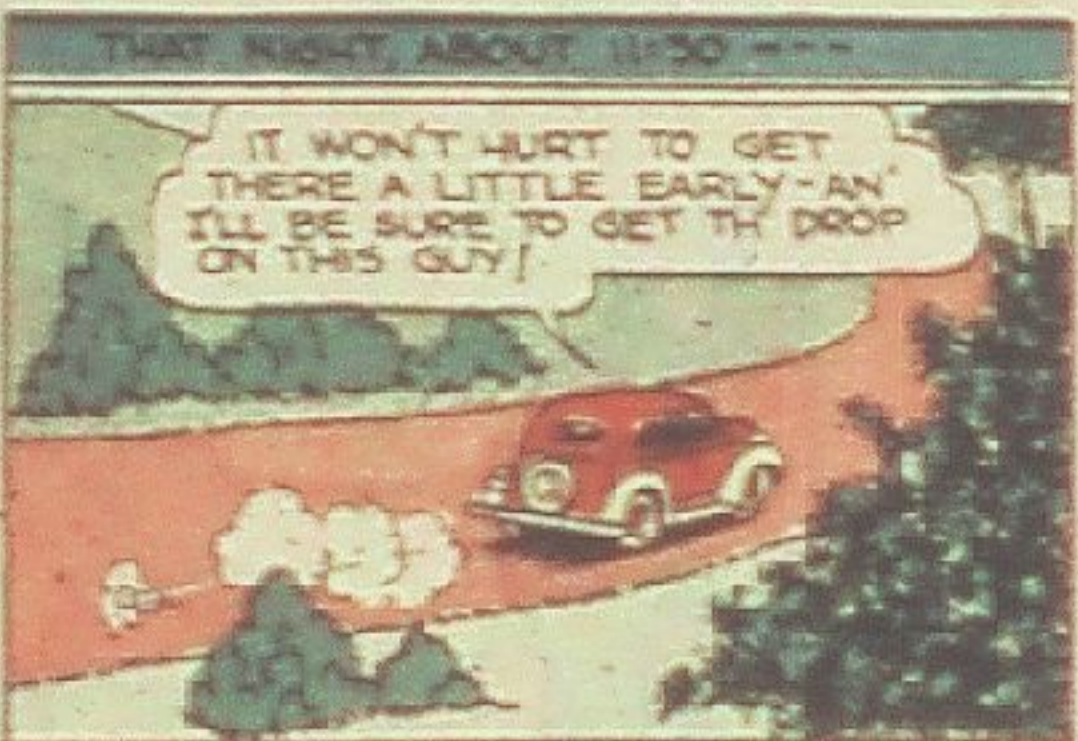
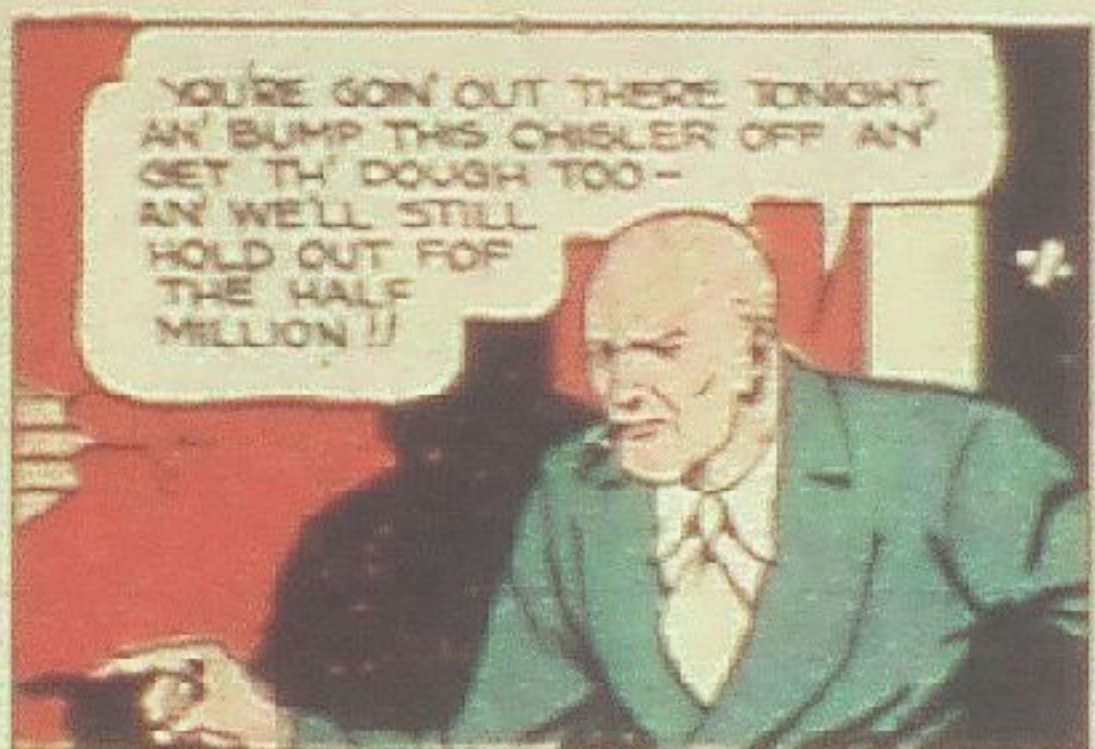
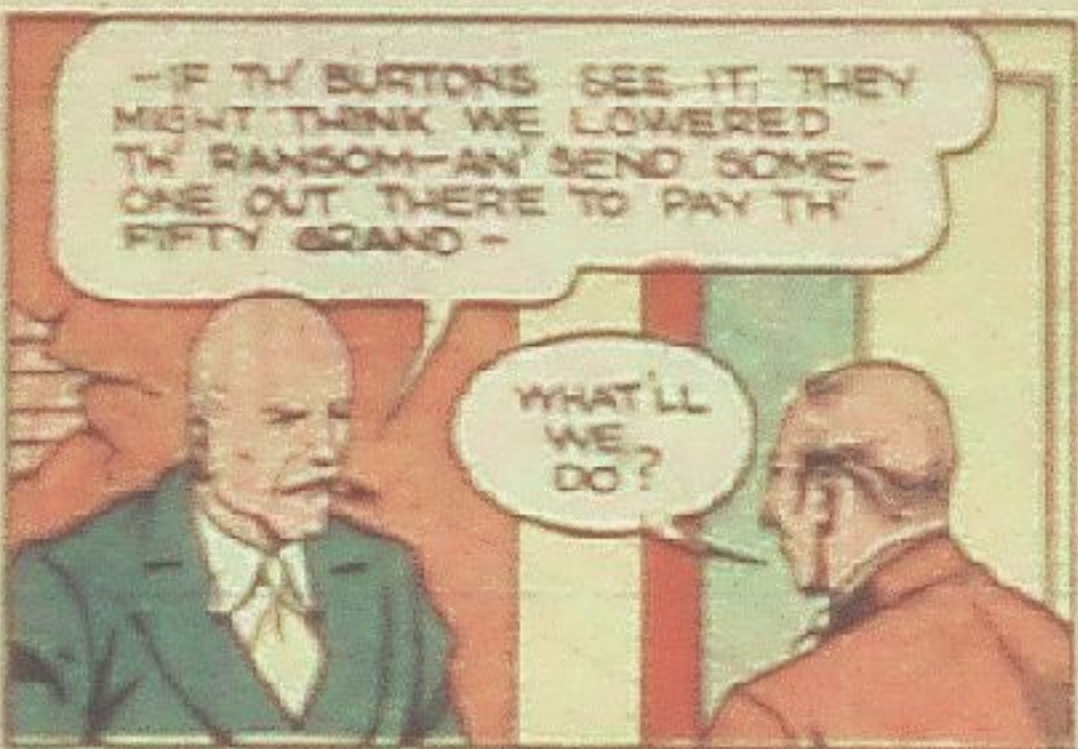
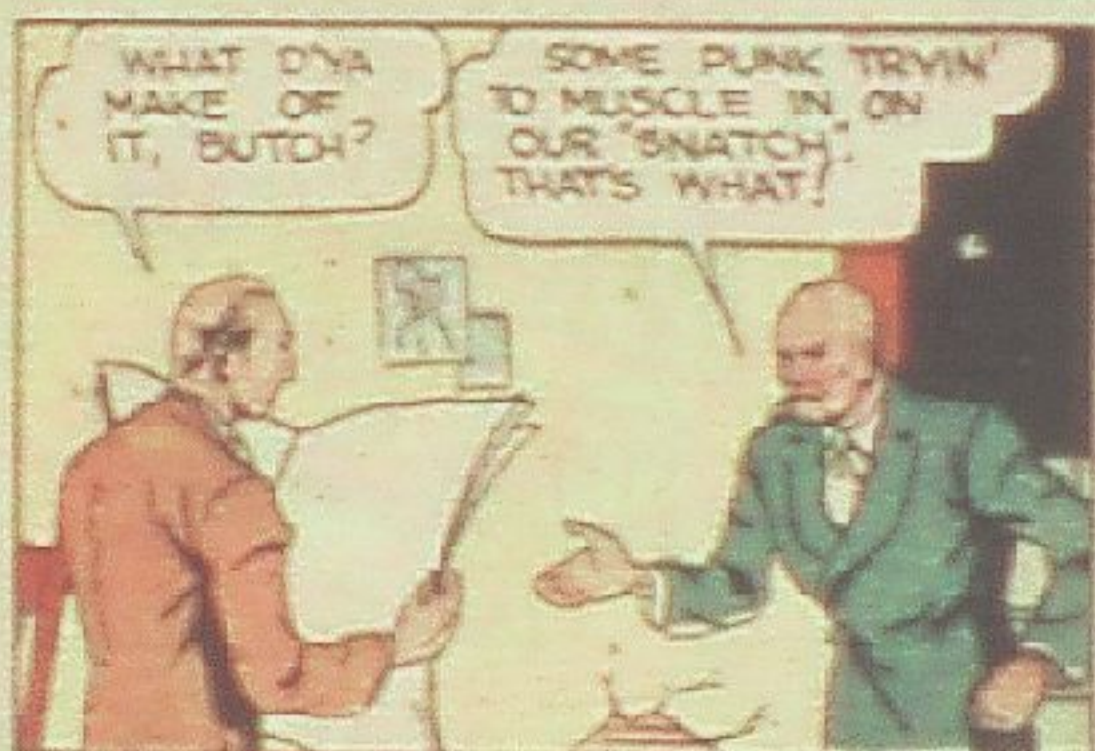
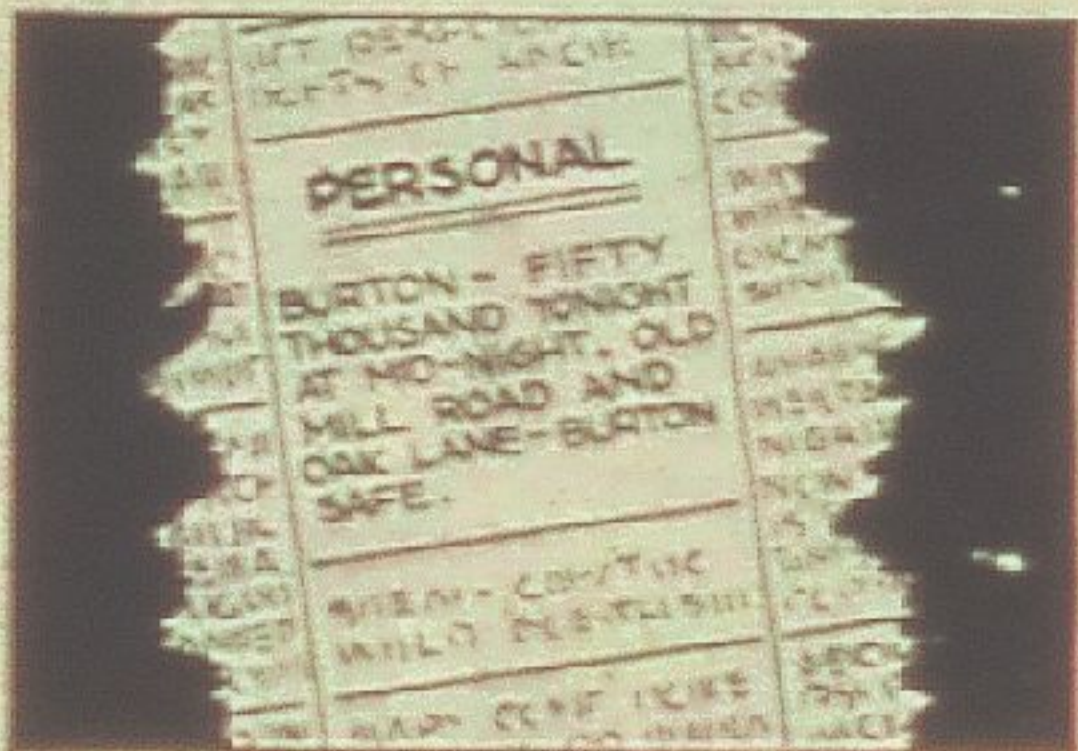
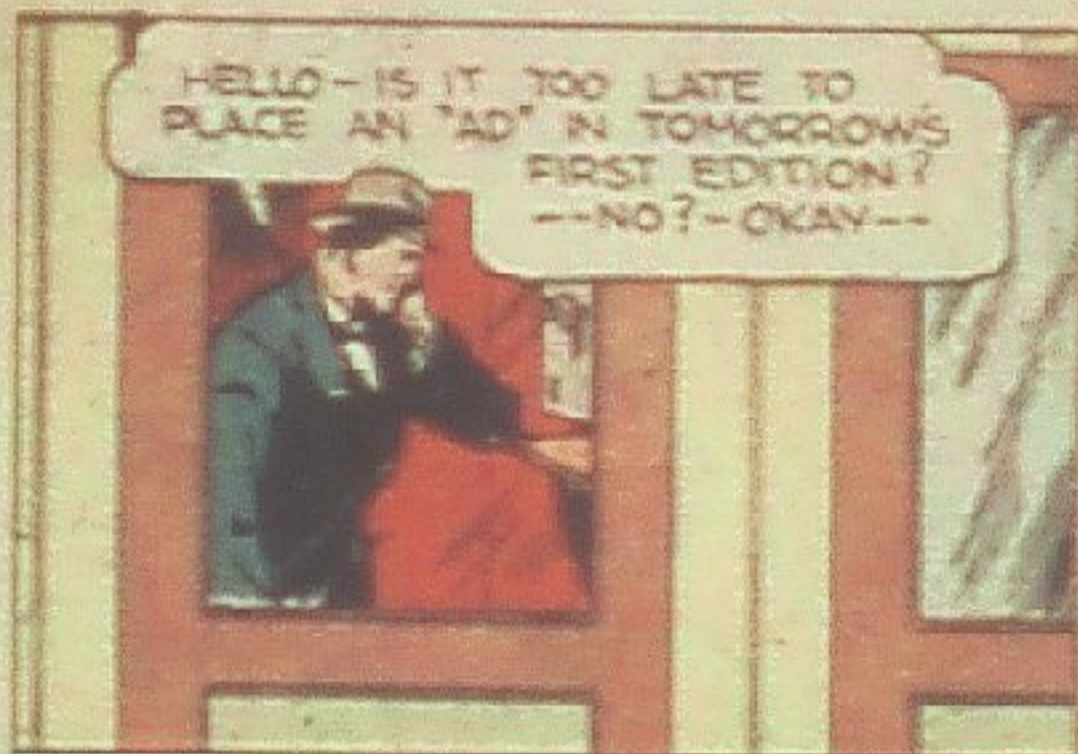
AN EMPTY MATCHBOX,
SEVERAL CIGARETTE BUTTS,
AND A CHEAP PAIR OF BROKEN
SPECTACLES---

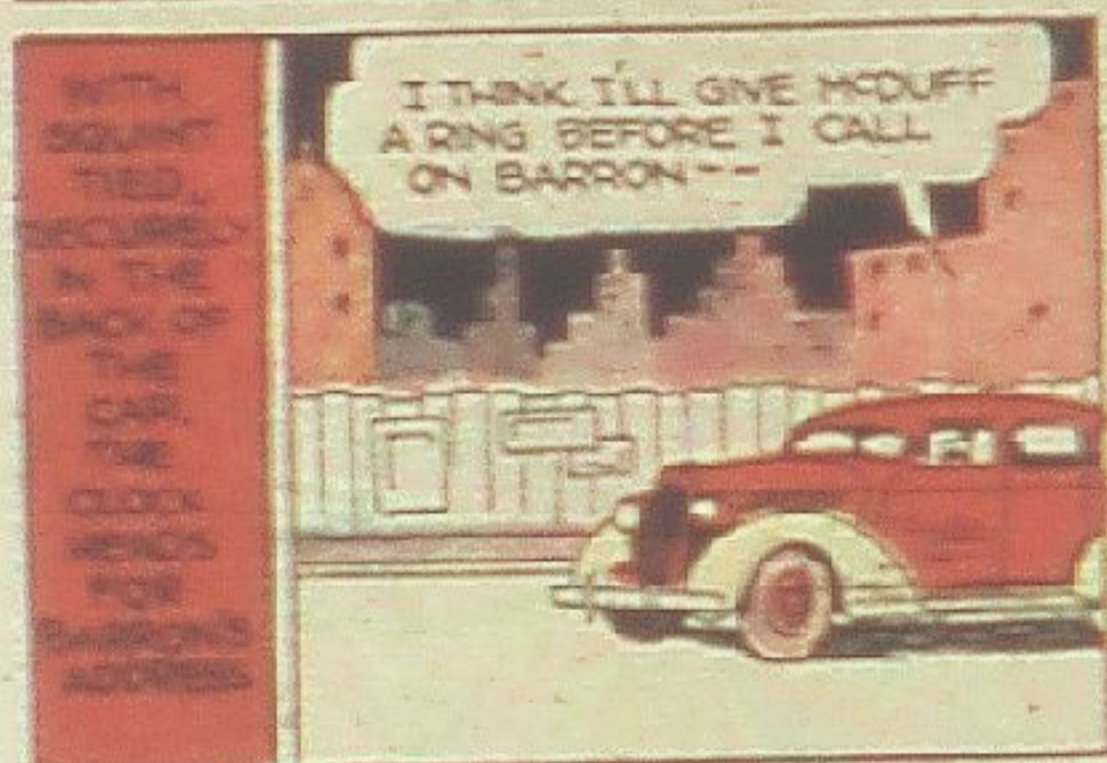
 An illustration showing a pair of broken, round-rimmed spectacles with a red strap lying on a light-colored surface. Next to them are several discarded cigarette butts. To the right is an open, empty matchbox. The background is dark and indistinct.A cartoon illustration of a man in a tuxedo holding a glass, with a speech bubble above him. The speech bubble contains the text: - WHICH MEANS THAT THE PERSON WHO KIDNAPPED BURTON, HAD QUITE A WAIT FOR HIM TO SHOW UP AND IN THE TUSSELE LOST HIS GLASSES--

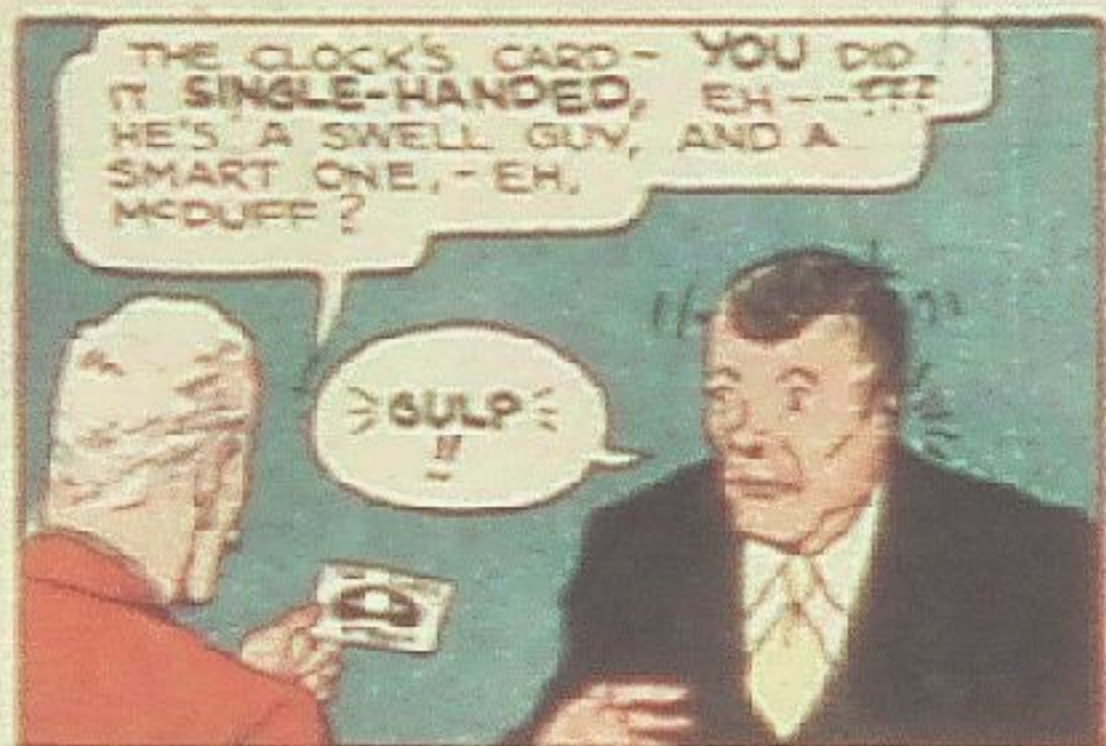
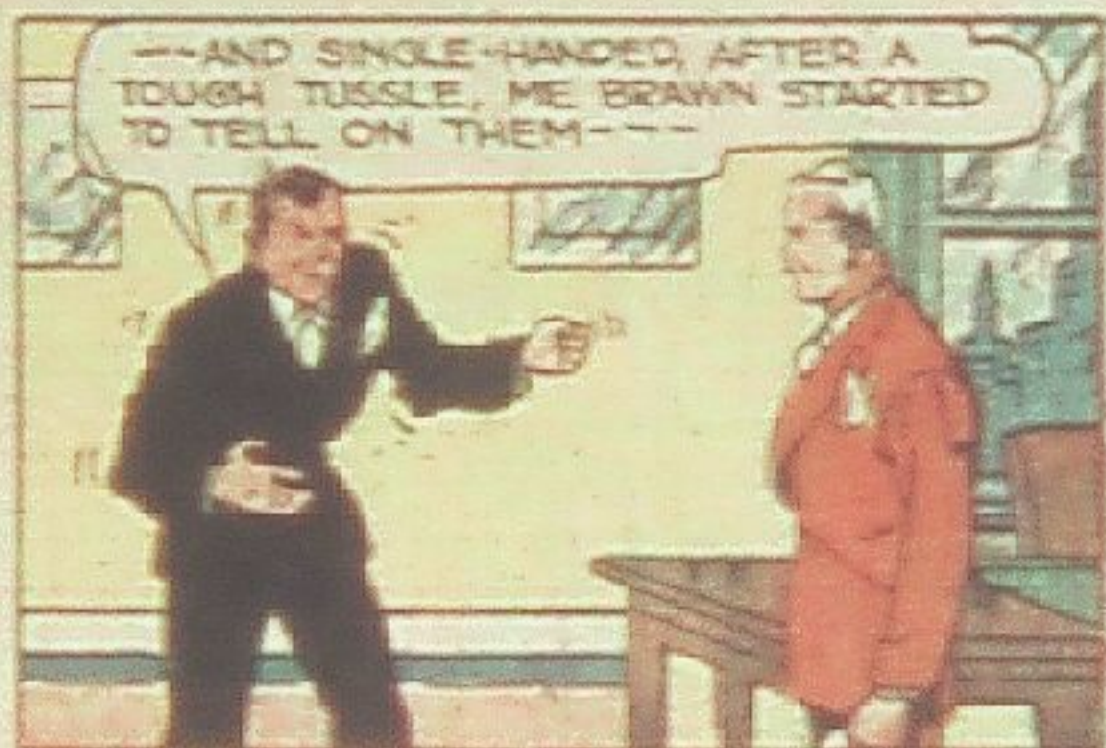
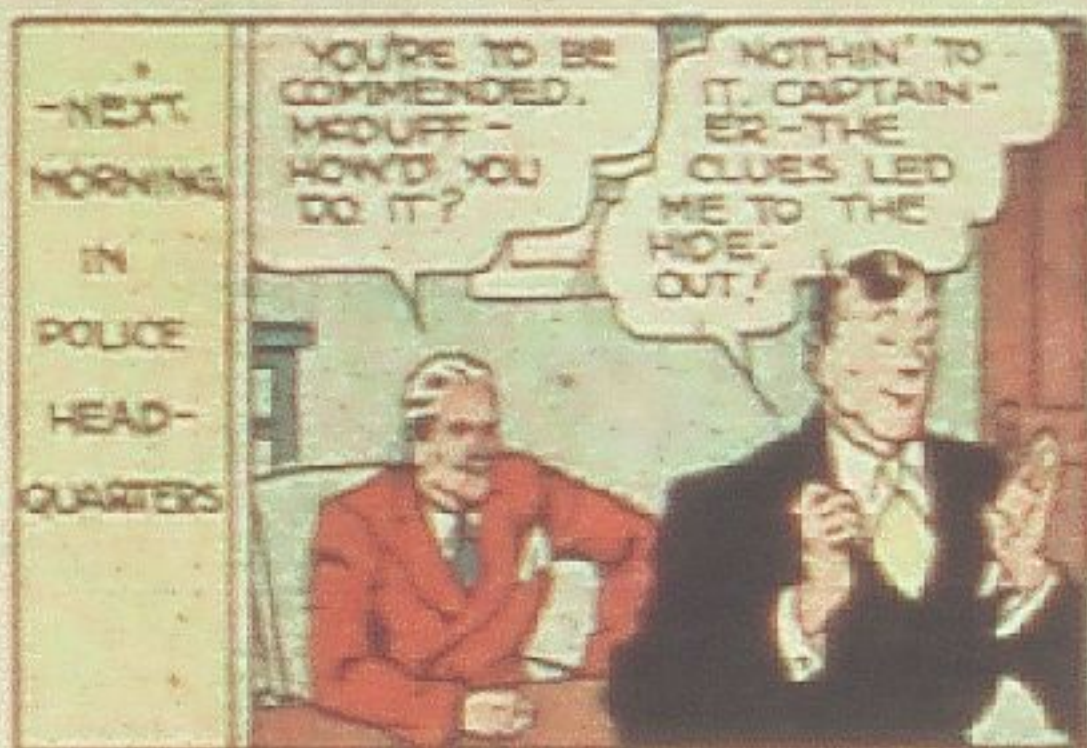
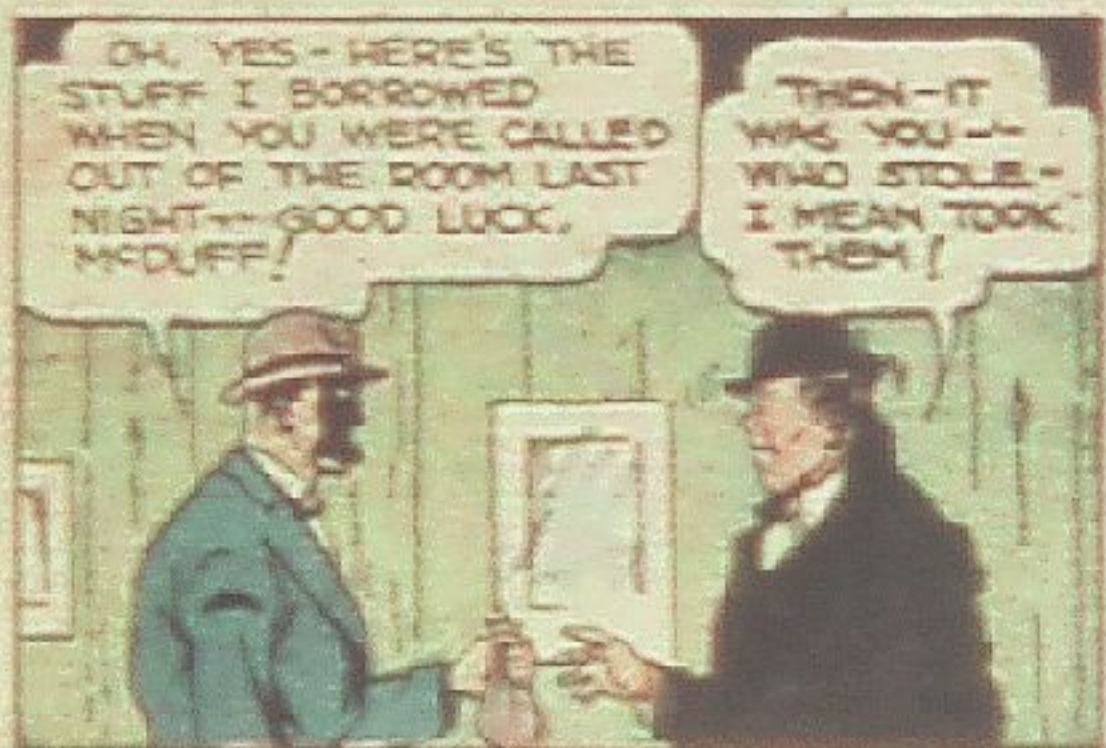
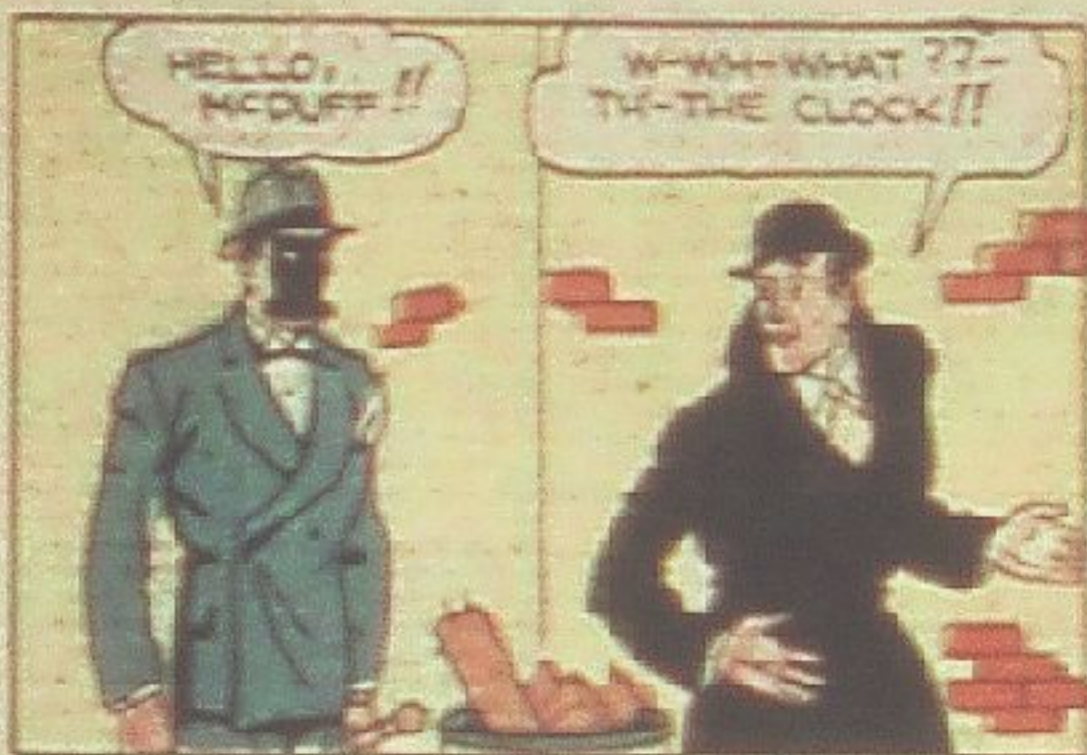
—AND FROM AN OUTSIDE PHONE—

OPERATOR, CONNECT ME WITH THE DAILY MAIL—

AND
FROM
AN
OUT-
SIDE
PHONE







RUBE
GOLDBERG'S

SIDE SHOW

BUT DEAR—AS MY WIFE
YOU SHOULD HAVE THE
MOST EXPENSIVE HAT
IN THE STORE!



OUR LATEST INVENTION

HOW TO OPEN GARAGE DOORS
WITHOUT LEAVING THE CAR

HOOK UP ON DRIVER'S
HAT CATCHES RING 'B'—
IT PULLS PLUS FROM THE
BATHUB—WATER MAKES
FLOWER 'D' BLOOM—
BEE 'E' FLIES TO FLOWER,
PULLING STRING WHICH
SHOOTS STARTING
PISTOL AND LITTLE
RUNNER JUMPS AND
PULLS DOOR OPEN—



HELLO,
JOE—
BEEN IN
SWIMMING
YET?

NO—IN ON MY
WAY TO A BIG
MISQUERADE
DISGUISED AS A
LEAKY ROOF!



YOU GOTTA
HAVE DINNER
WITH ME
TODAY!

OH PLEASE
DON'T
BOther
ME!



NIBBSY,
WHAT'S
ME?



WELCOME, FOLKS!!
EVERYTHING SERVED AT
OUR TABLE IS GROWN
RIGHT HERE ON
OUR OWN
FARM!!



OSCAR O'HARA DE
SOCCOTASH SNELF,
RAN AWAY TO THE
MOUNTAINS—TO BE
BY HIMSELF—



WHILE POOR HERMAN
JE-SOFOHAT BROWN,
HAD THE AWFUL
MISFORTUNE TO
LINGER IN TOWN—

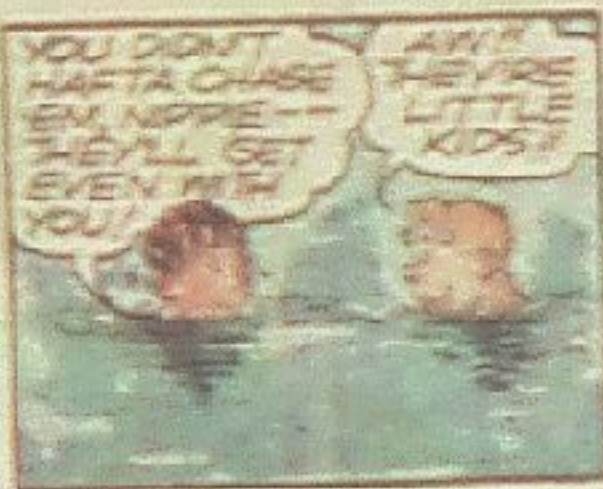
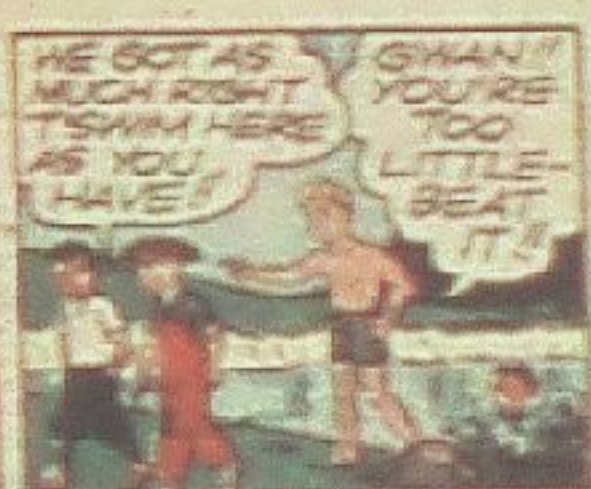


BUT SNELF UPON
REACHING HIS HAVEN
OF REST—WAS THEN
ANNOYED BY EVERY
KNOWN PEST—



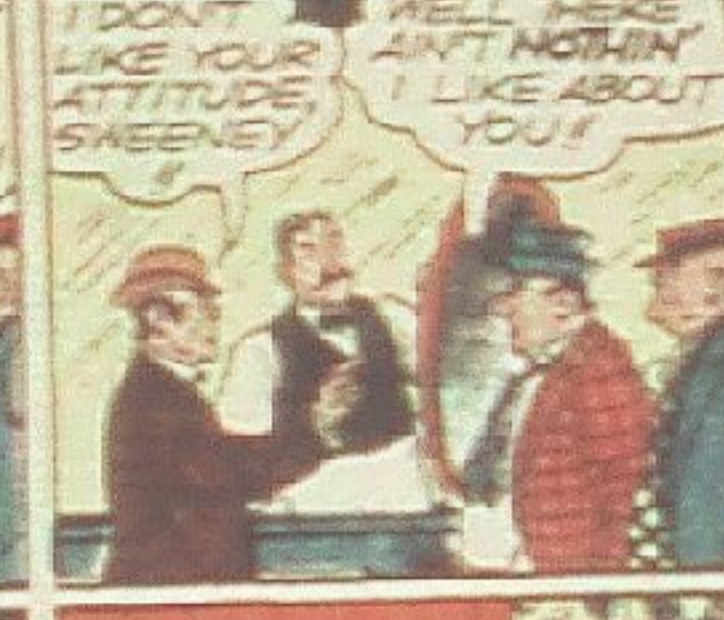
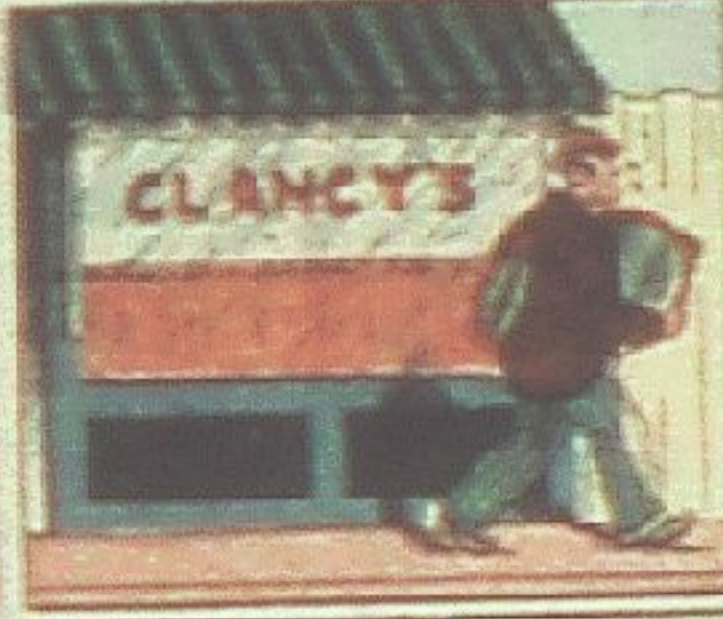
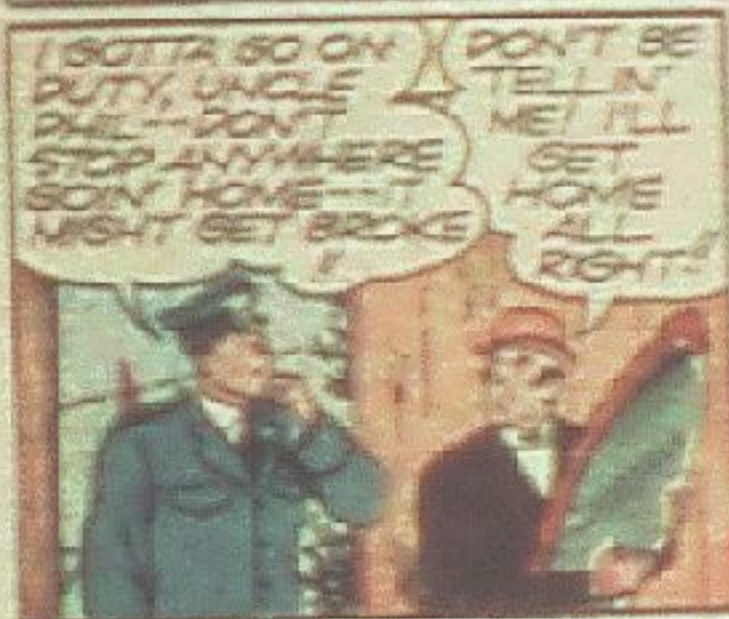
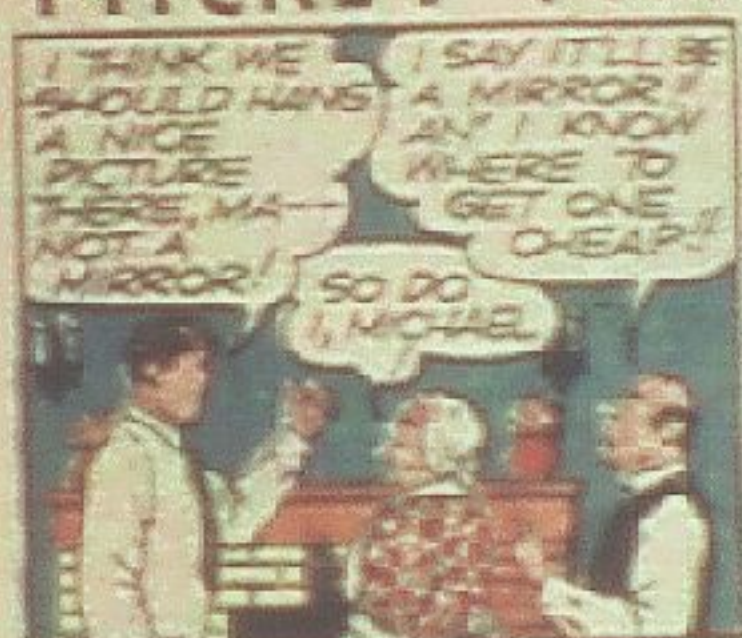
WHILE HERMAN BROWN
WAS THE LUCKY BOOF,
HE SIMPLY WENT UP—
AND SAT ON THE ROOF

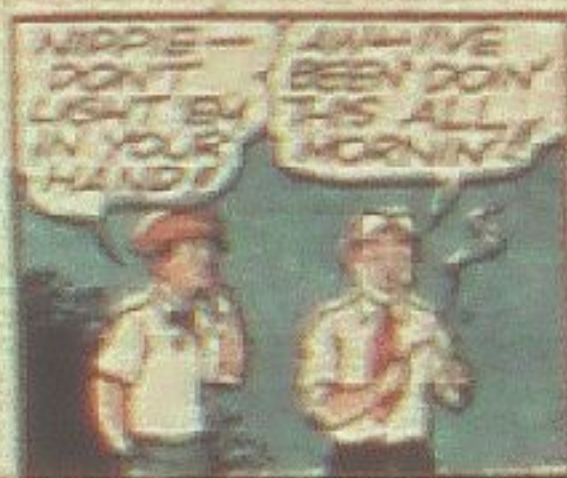
NIPPIE



MICKEY FINN

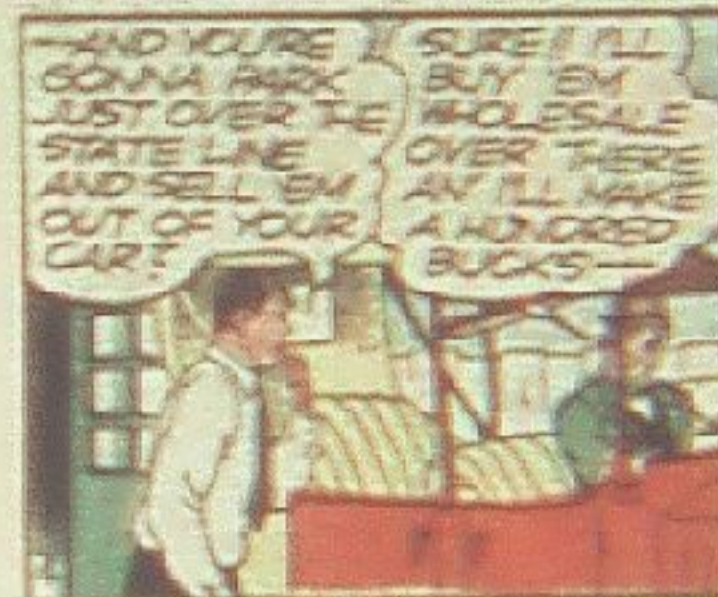
By LANK LEONARD



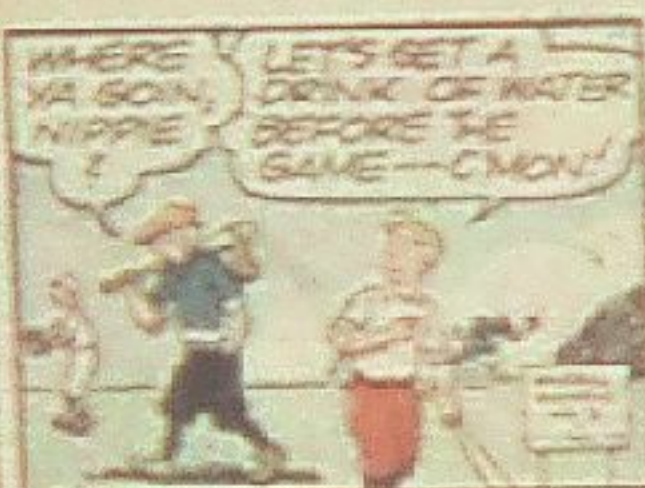


MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

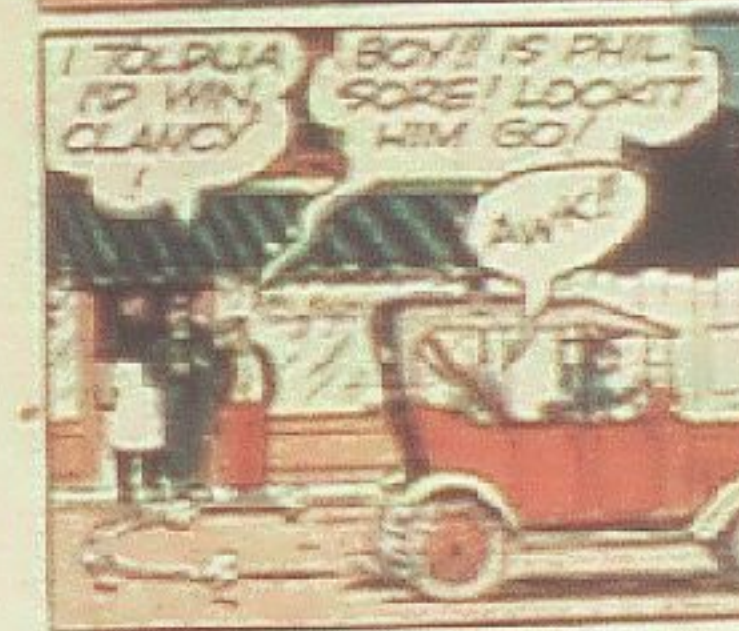
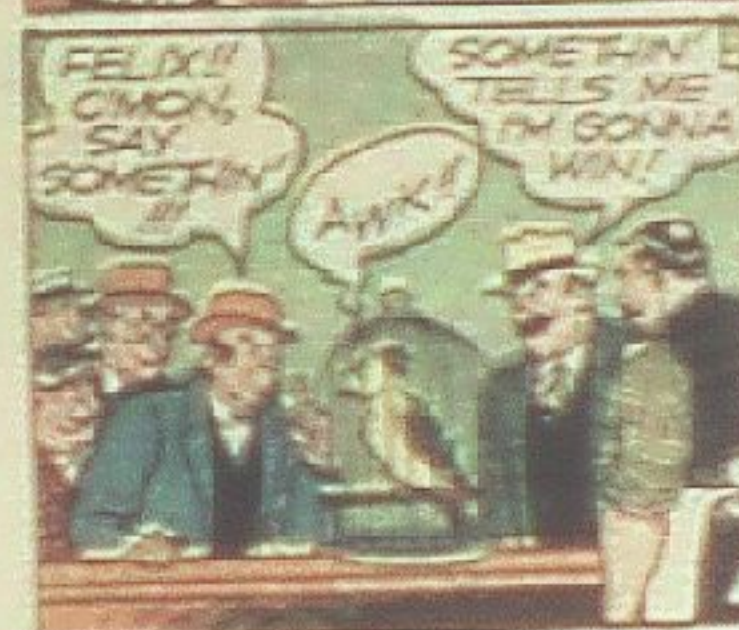
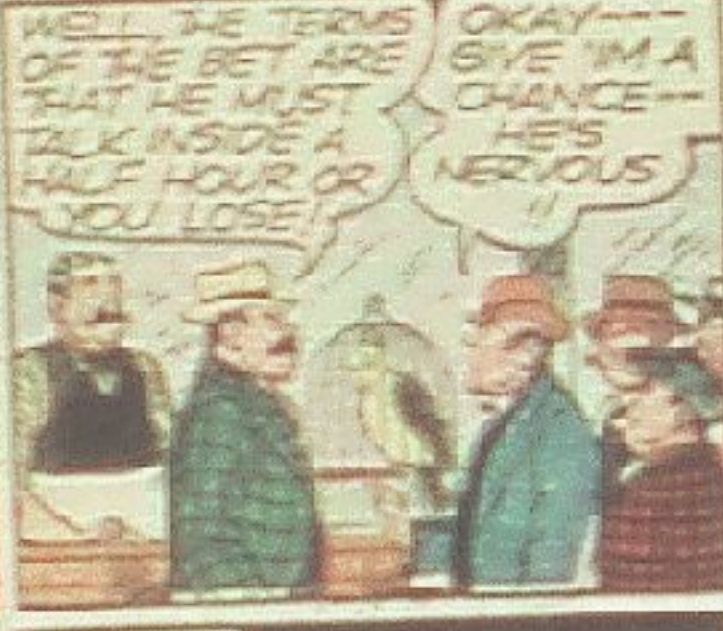
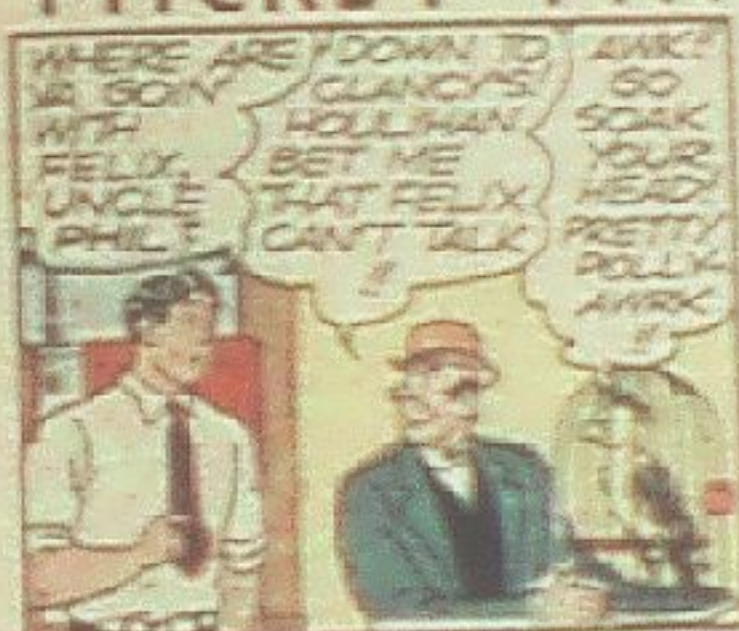


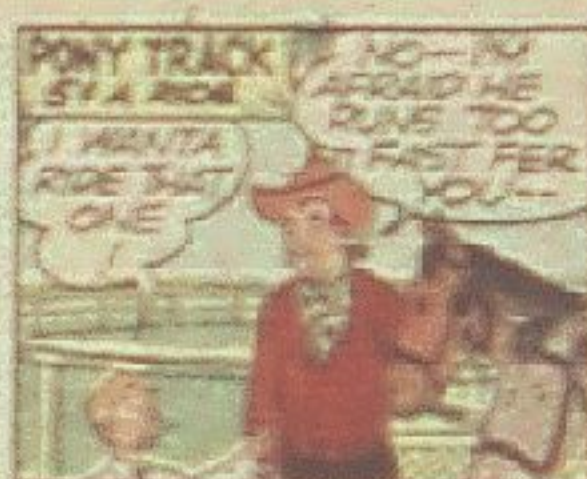
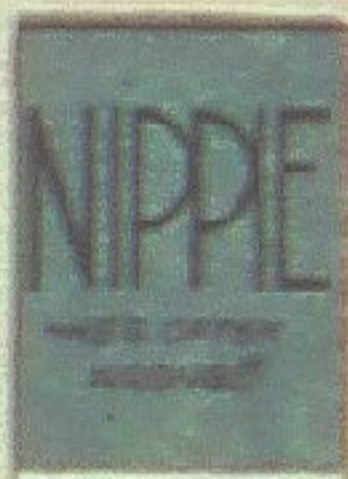
NIPPIE



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

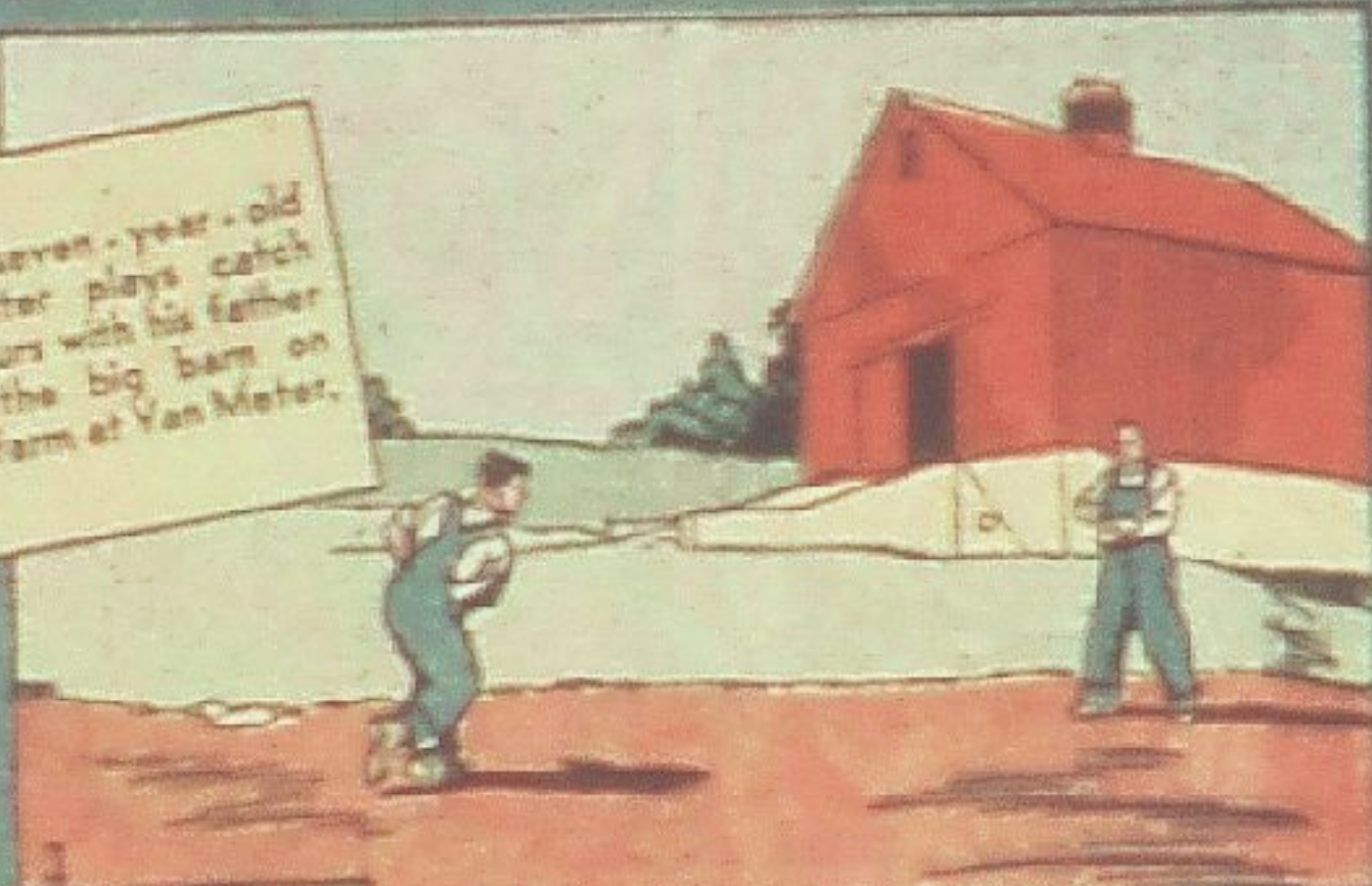


More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.

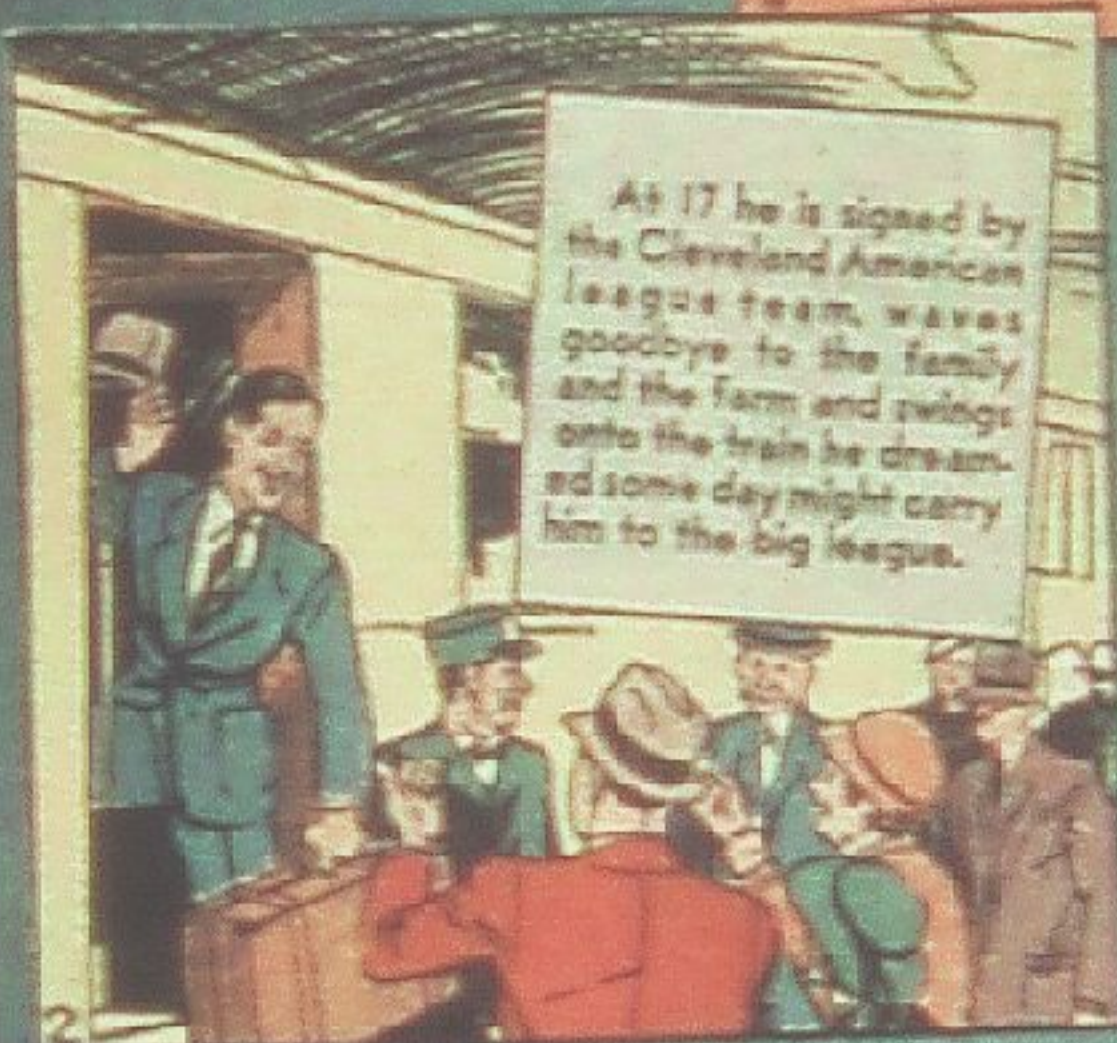
THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About One of Baseball's Greatest Stories

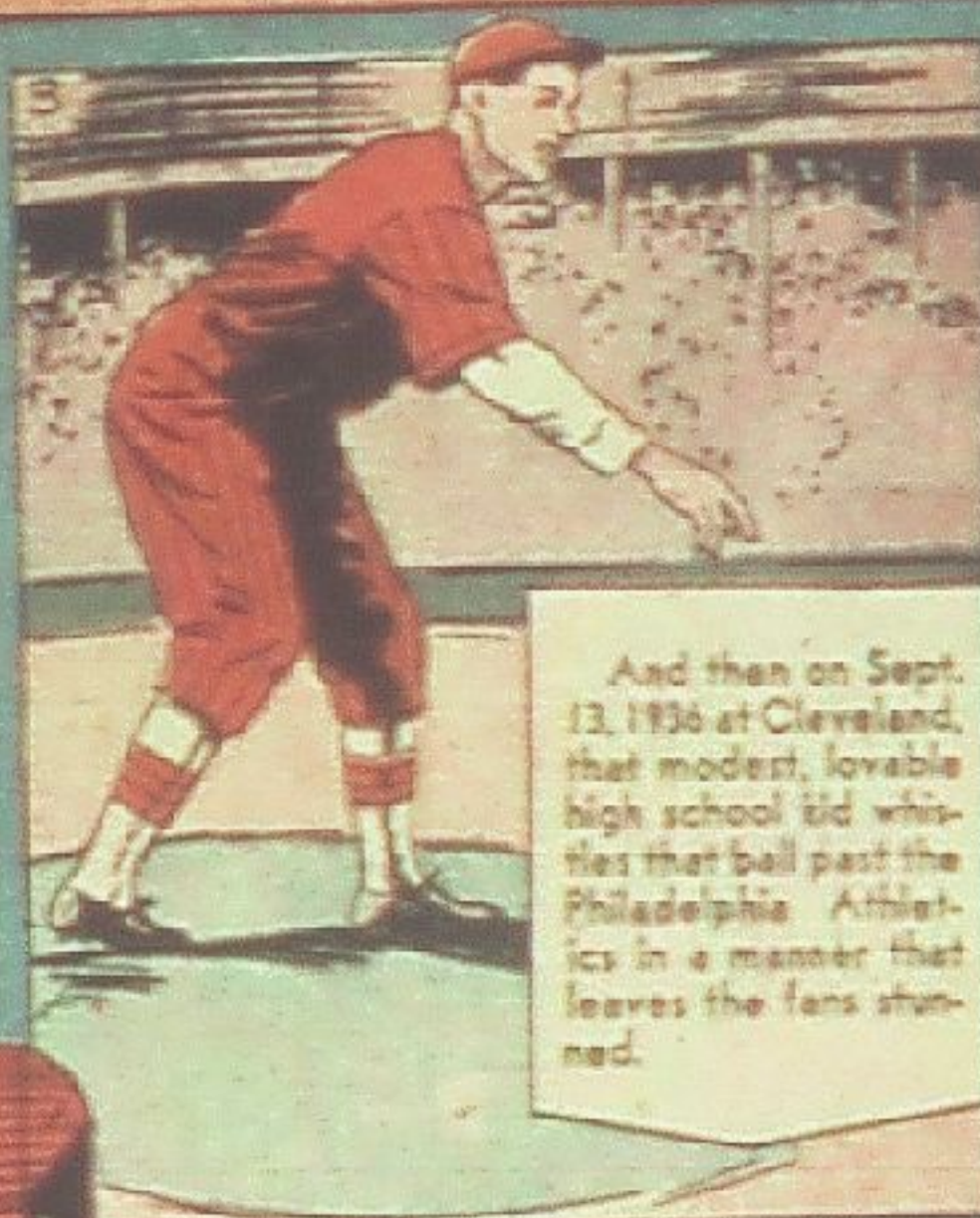
The seven-year-old youngster plays catch for hours with his father near the big barn on their farm at Van Meter, Ia.



At 17 he is signed by the Cleveland American league team, waves goodbye to the family and the farm and swings onto the train he dreamed some day might carry him to the big league.



And then on Sept. 13, 1936 at Cleveland, that modest, lovable high school kid whistles that ball past the Philadelphia Athletics in a manner that leaves the fans stunned.



Three and two on the hitter. The kid is one strike from a new American league strikeout record. He throws. The hitter swings, misses. His seventeenth strikeout! The crowd is in a frenzy of excitement!



The boy was Bob Feller, who stepped from a cow pasture to a major league diamond and startled the baseball world.

JANE ARDEN

JANE LEAPS FROM A WINDOW TO ESCAPE THE KILLER WHO ENTERED HER ROOM

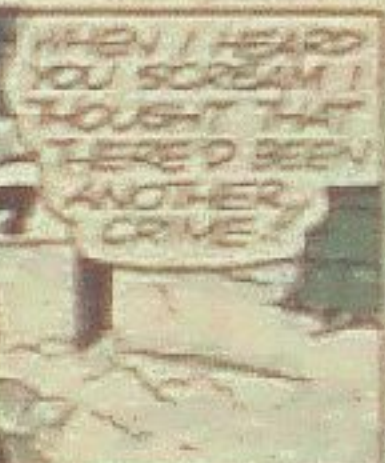


IN BLAD THE SNOW IS DEEP HERE



JANE: ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I-I GUESS SO



WHEN I HEARD YOU SCREAM I THOUGHT THAT THERE'D BEEN ANOTHER CRIME



THERE ALMOST WAS SOMEONE IN MY ROOM—HE HAD A KNIFE—THE WINDOW WAS THE ONLY WAY OUT—

COOPS



WELL, HERE'S HIS KNIFE—BUT WHY SHOULD HE TRY TO USE IT ON JANE?

YOU HAD US CHANGE ROOMS—I MUST BE THE ONE HE WAS AFTER



HMM!—ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO KILL KAREN AND BOOTH, SO THEY CAN'T BE OUR SUSPECTS

WELL—



I'M GOING TO FIND THE ONLY SUSPECTS LEFT—ARCHY AND CLAUD LOVAT?



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF MAKING ME NOW?

DID YOU KNOW WHERE THAT BIRD ARCHY HAS GONE?

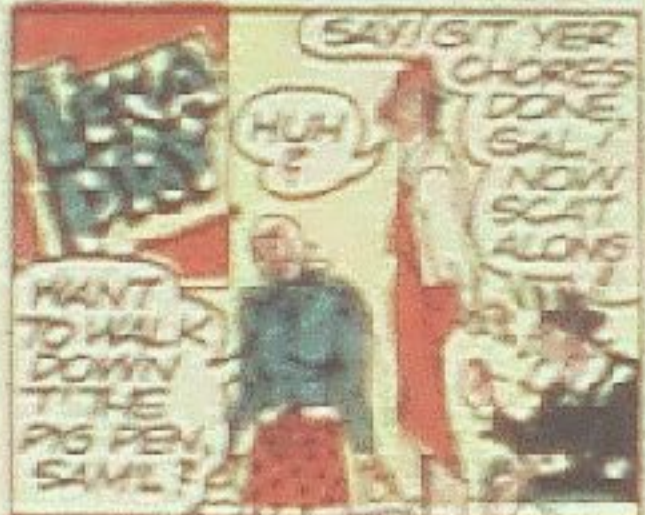


I CAUGHT HIM AT THE GATE, CHIEF

ARCHY?

I WANT TO COMPARE HIS FINGERPRINTS WITH THE

ONES ON HIS KNIFE



SAV! GET YER CHORES DONE, SAL! NOW SCAT ALONG!

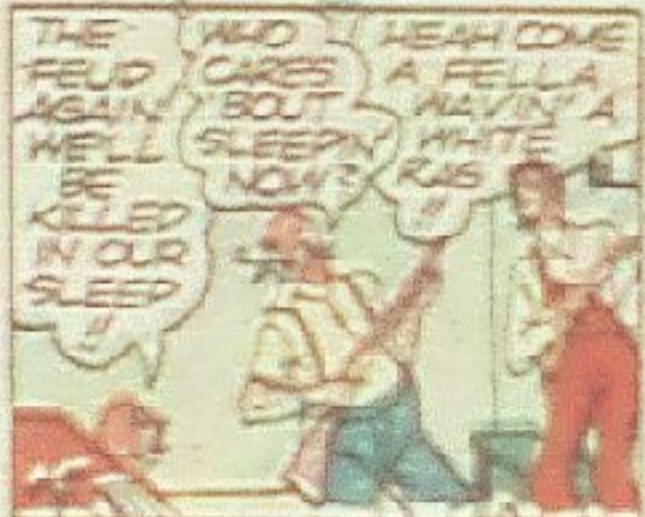
HUH?

WANT TO WALK DOWN THE PIG PEN, SAL?



PERKISERS!

HOW DID THE VARNANTS KNOW LENA WAS HERE?



THE FEUD AGAIN? WE'LL BE KILLED IN OUR SLEEP!

WHO CARES 'BOUT SLEEPIN' NOW?

HEAR COME A FELLA HAVIN' A WHITE RAB!



IT'S PARSON! DON'T SHOOT JILES! HE'S DONE GONE AN' JOINED 'EM PERKISERS!

A WHITE FLAG MEANS HE WANTS A TRUCE—OR THE MAYBE FRIENDS

WELL, WE'LL SEE



HEY, PARSON—HOW COME YER WITH 'EM PERKISERS? BOLE-CATES!

WHY, I COME OVER FER THE WEDDIN'!



HOW DID YE KNOW I WAS MARRYIN' 'TIL GALS? I AIN'T TOLE NOBODY YET

NOT YOU! IT'S DAVL! WHAT'S MARRYIN' 'TIL GALS?

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

AS THE INSPECTOR COMPAIRES ARCHY'S FINGERPRINTS TO THOSE OF THE KNIFE FOUND IN JANE'S ROOM

THEY MATCH! OH NO! YOU TRIED TO STAB ME

HIS AFTER BOOTH FOR TRYING TO KILL KAREN - I WAS PROTECTING HER - YOU'RE CRAZY

YOU'RE SHIELDING HIM, KAREN! ONLY BOOTH COULD HAVE DONE IT! - CLAUD AND I WERE IN THE HOUSE!

HE'S WRONG ABOUT BOOTH, INSPECTOR - BUT NEITHER IS ARCHY GUILTY!

HOW ABOUT THE WILL - DOES HE KNOW WHERE IT IS? STOP THAT, ARCHY - YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' US!

PURRY AND FINGER-PRINTS ON THE FIRST MURDER KNIFE OR THE ONE USED ON KAREN - BUT THIS IS COVERED WITH ARCHY'S PRINTS

AND STILL THERE ISN'T A CLUE TO JUDGE STEPHENS' MURDER AND THE MISSING WILL

OH - I'M SO FRIGHTENED CLAUD - BUT I'M SURE ARCHY ISN'T THE MURDERER OF JUDGE STEPHENS! THIS IS SO AWFUL! DON'T WORRY, KAREN! I'LL PROTECT YOU!

LENA PRY HOP IN, PARSON! YE KNEWED ME THE GAL RIGHT NOW!

TH PERUSERS ARE WAITIN' T' START FEUDIN'! AND THEY WILL START SHOOTIN' IF I DON'T HED DAVLE!

IF MARRYIN' LENA WILL MAKE EM MAD, I AINS TDO IT RIGHT HEAH AN NOW!

GIT MORE BOOK OPEN, PARSON - LET'S GIT THIS OVER WITH! BUT I DIDN'T SAY I'D MARRY YOU, YET! OH, YER HOLDIN' UP THIS FEUDIN' GAL!

AND I AIN'T I! WIMMIN' BEEN ACTIN' NICE SOET T' YE, GALS! GALS! WORDS, SORT!

WELL, I AIN'T SAY! I CAN SPOLIN' ER RIGHT ON MY OWN WEDDIN' DAY - NO SUN!! SAY! I CAN MARCH OUT THERE AND MARRY DAVL RIGHT NOW!!



JANE ARDEN

IT'S EASY TO SEE THAT ARCHIE WAS LEFT OUT OF THE WILL KILLED THE JUDGE BEFORE HE READ IT.

THEN ALL FOUR SHOULD BE SUSPECTS—BOOTH, CLAUD ARCHIE AND KAREN. IT'S AS MUCH A MYSTERY AS EVER, INSPECTOR.

AM SURE ARCHIE IS GUILTY—HE'S ACCUSING BOOTH TO SAVE HIS OWN NECK! I DON'T THINK HE'S THE ONE—HE ISN'T CLEVER ENOUGH, INSPECTOR!

SO THERE WERE NO FINGER-PRINTS WHEN THE JUDGE WAS KILLED AND WHEN KAREN WAS SUBBED? WHO EVER DID IT MORE GLOVES!

WHERE IS ARCHIE LOVAT, INSPECTOR?

IN JAIL, OF COURSE!

INSPECTOR, YOU DON'T REALLY THINK HE KILLED JUDGE STEPHENS? IF HE ONLY KNEW WHO WAS LEFT OUT OF THE WILL WED—

WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER FIND THAT WILL!

BUT I THINK IT'S HIDDEN SOMEWHERE NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

JANE'S RIGHT—AND I'LL FIND THE WILL IF I HAVE TO TAKE EVERY TREE AND SHRUB APART!

IF ANY OF YOU KNOW OF HOOKS WHERE IT MIGHT BE WE CAN LOOK TO-MORROW!

NOH, IF THE MURDERER KNOWS WELL LOOK ALL AROUND HERE FOR THE WILL TOMORROW, HE'LL TRY TO DESTROY IT TO-NIGHT!

HE'LL SLIP INTO THE TOOL-HOUSE AND WATCH JANE!

INSPECTOR LOOK!

LENA PRY
BETTER START TALKIN' WITH SUGAR SAML—IF THEY'S GONNA BE A WEDDIN'!
AS LENA WAITS FOR SAML TO ASK HER TO MARRY HIM—

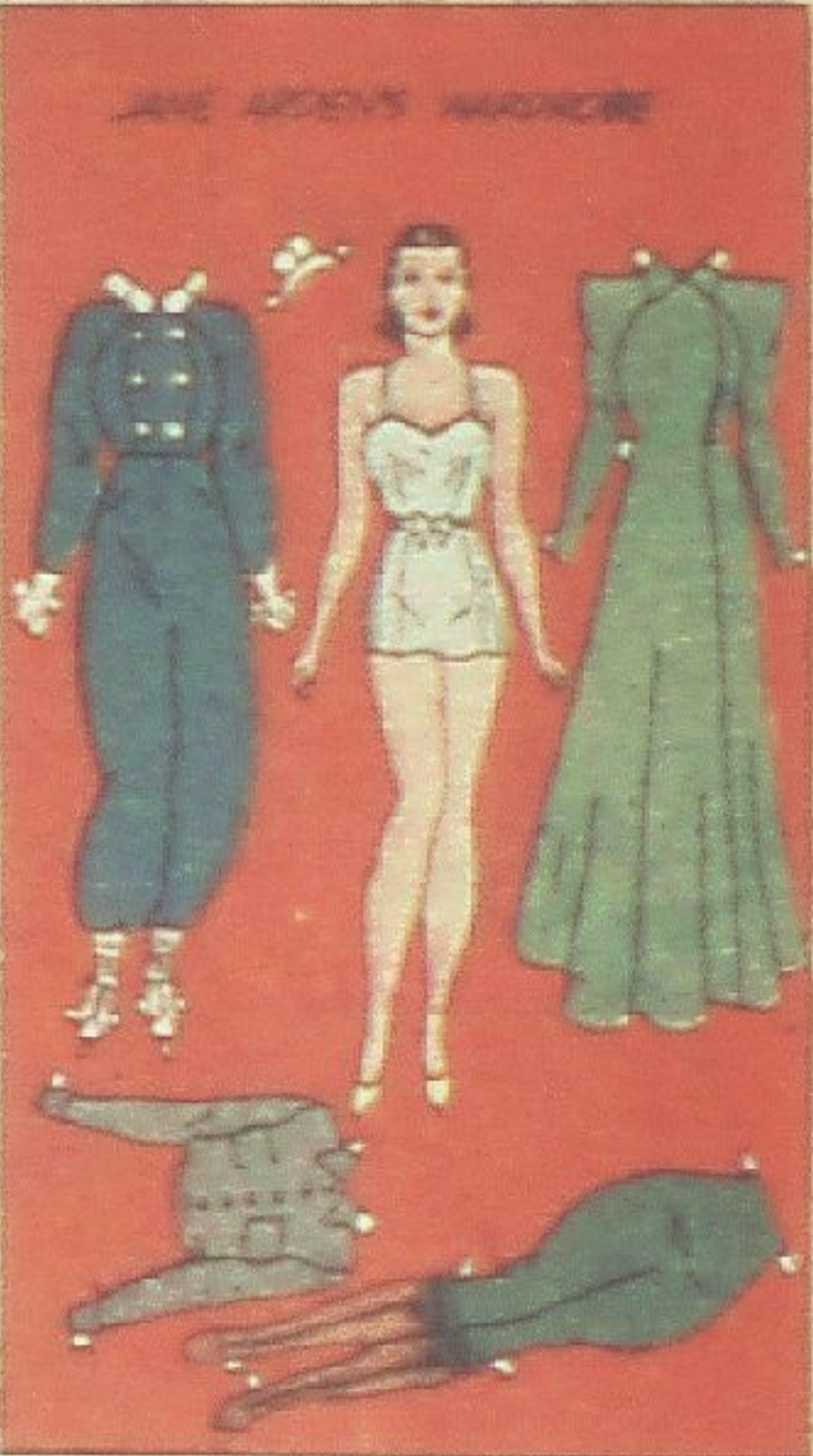
SHUCKS! THOHT SPOIL ER, SON—FOLKS IS MISTY SOFT MOSTLY WHEN THEY'S GITTIN' GALS THARRY EVN'!
WILL NOT ME!

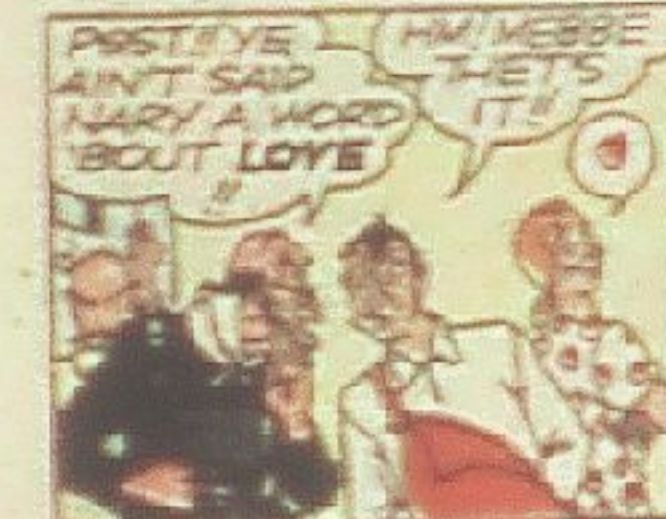
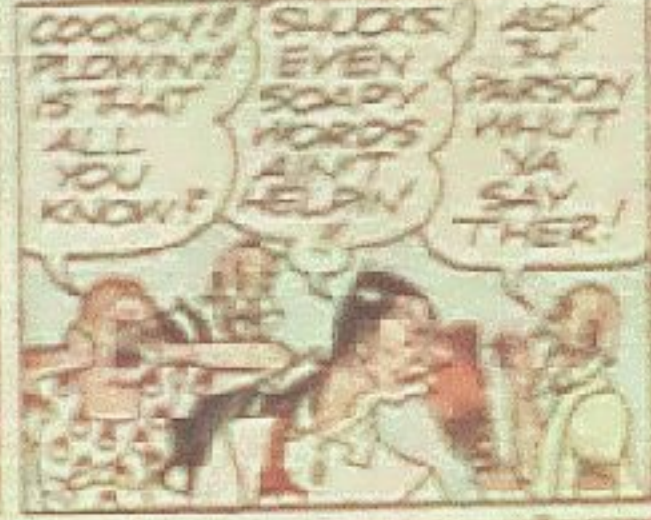
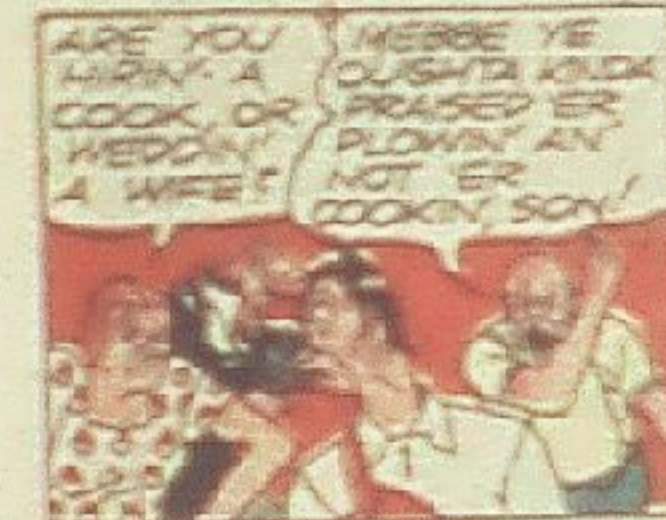
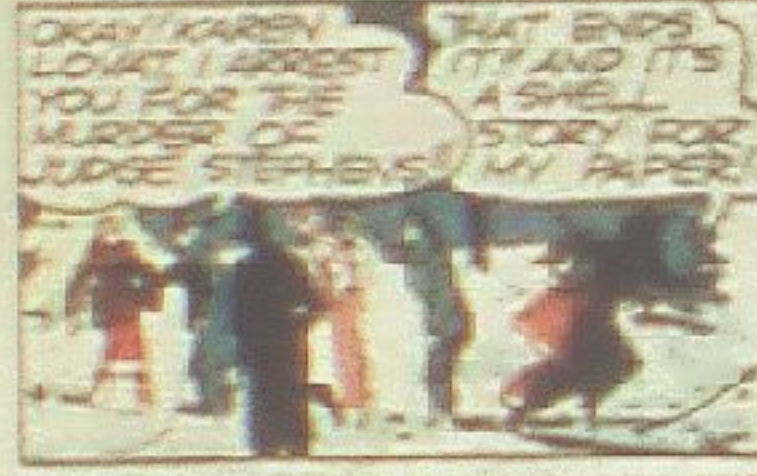
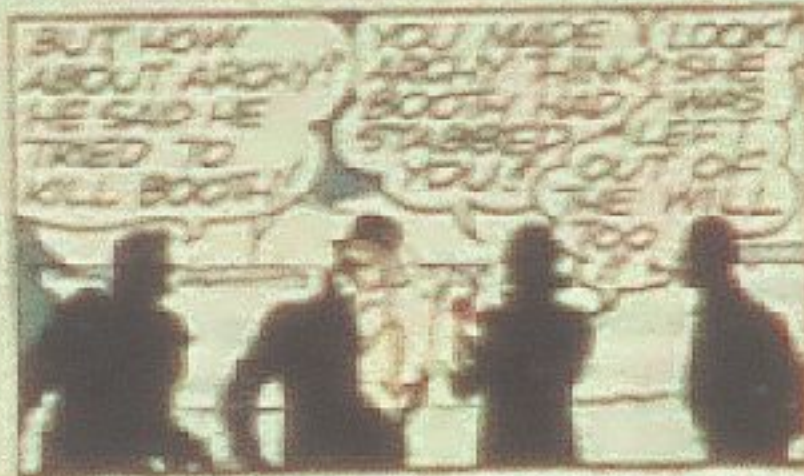
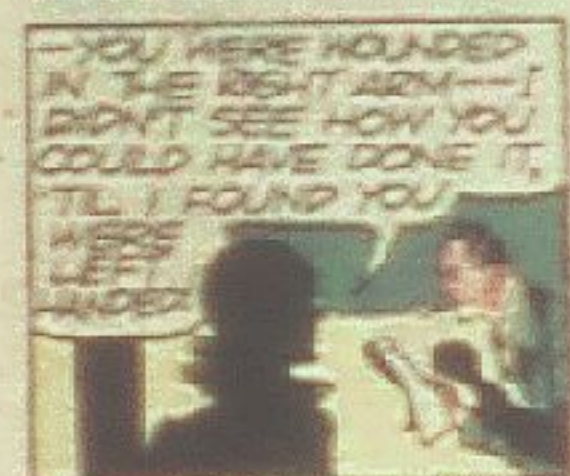
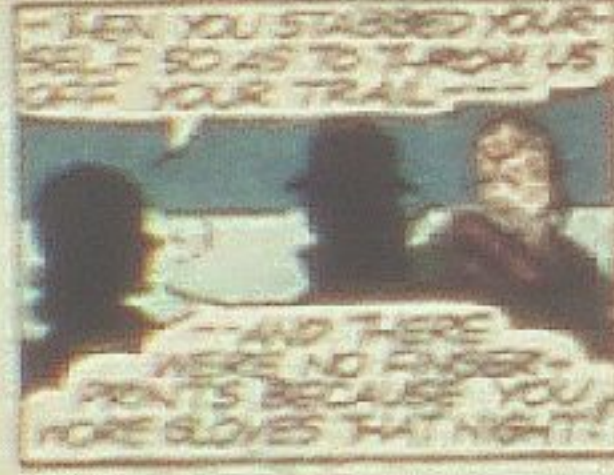
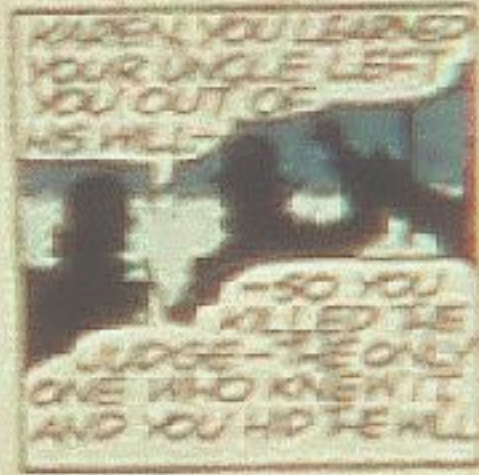
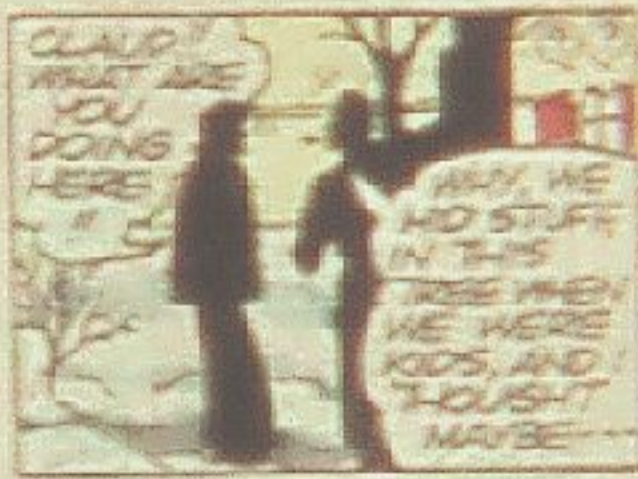
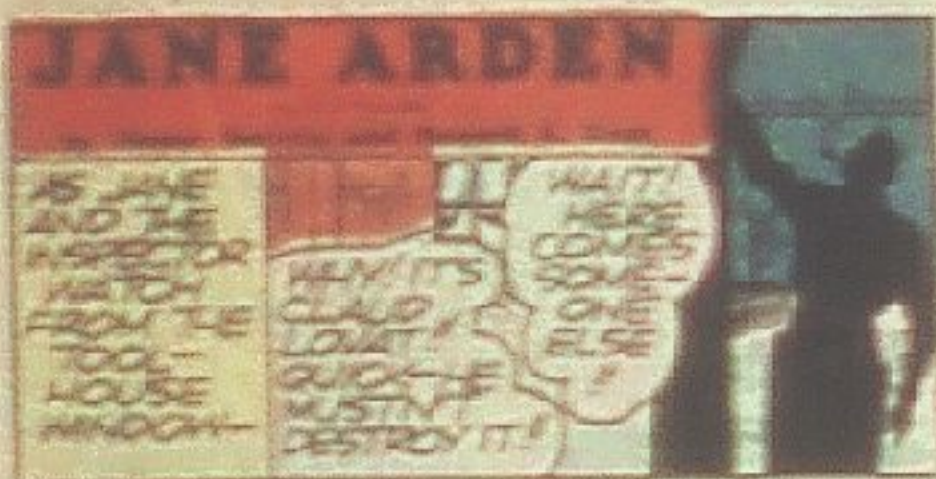
I'M ASKIN' ER A FAIR CHANCE THARRY ME—AN THAT'S ALL!
YES! AND DAVL IS OUT THERE JUST WAITIN' FOR ME THARRY HIM TOO!

I'LL GO RIGHT OUT AN MARRY HIM!
QUICK! THINK OF HER DOSTY DIES AN BERRY FRITTERS, SON!

OHON OFF YORE HIGH HORSE SON!
WHH! HER COOKIN' IS A BIT TOO GOOD FOR A BUN LIKE THAT DAVL!

AN, LENA! DON'T GO KOOKIN' OVER IL TRACES NOW—I WAS SOIN' TALK PRETTY TIE ALL ALONG!
OH! SAML!



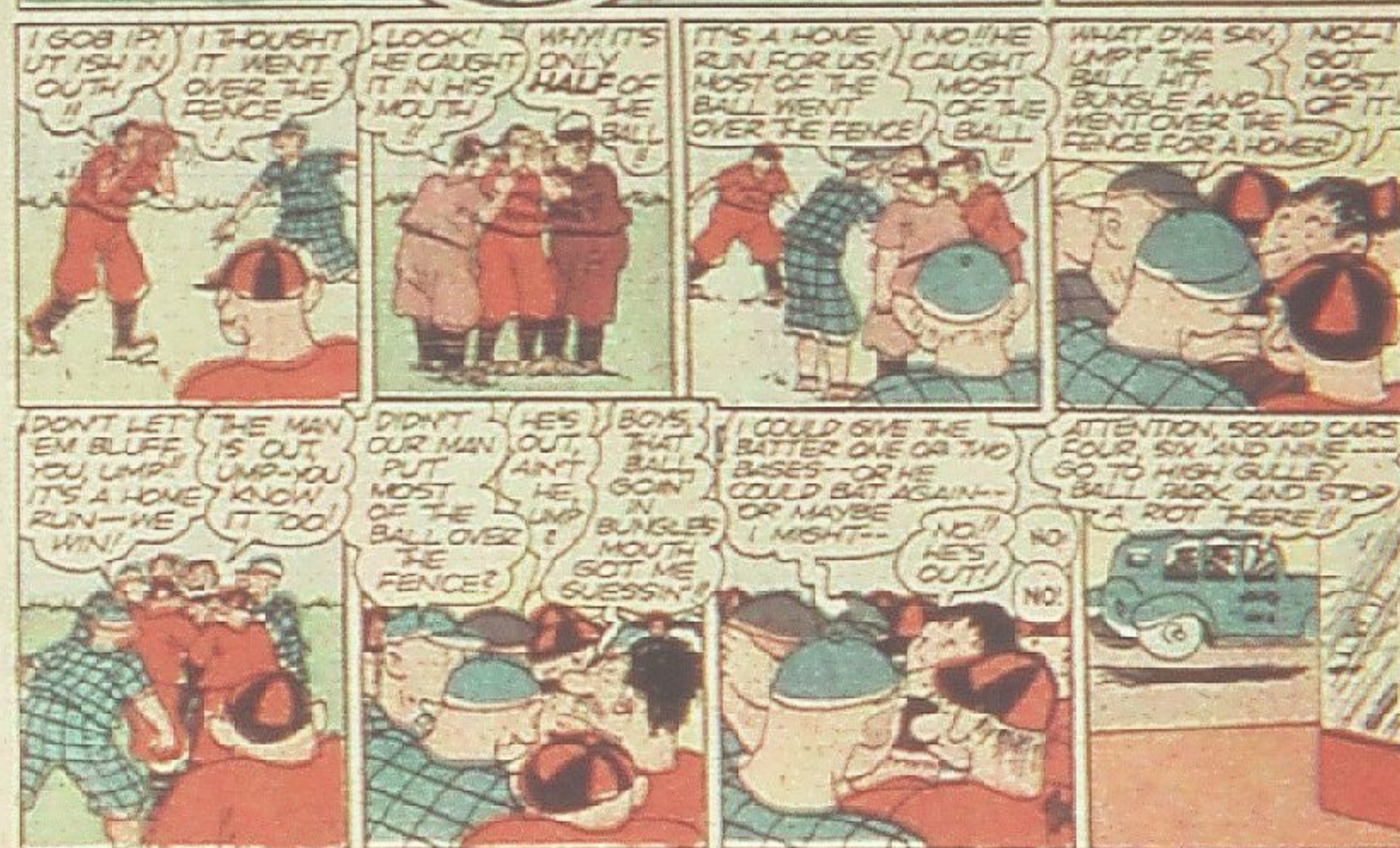
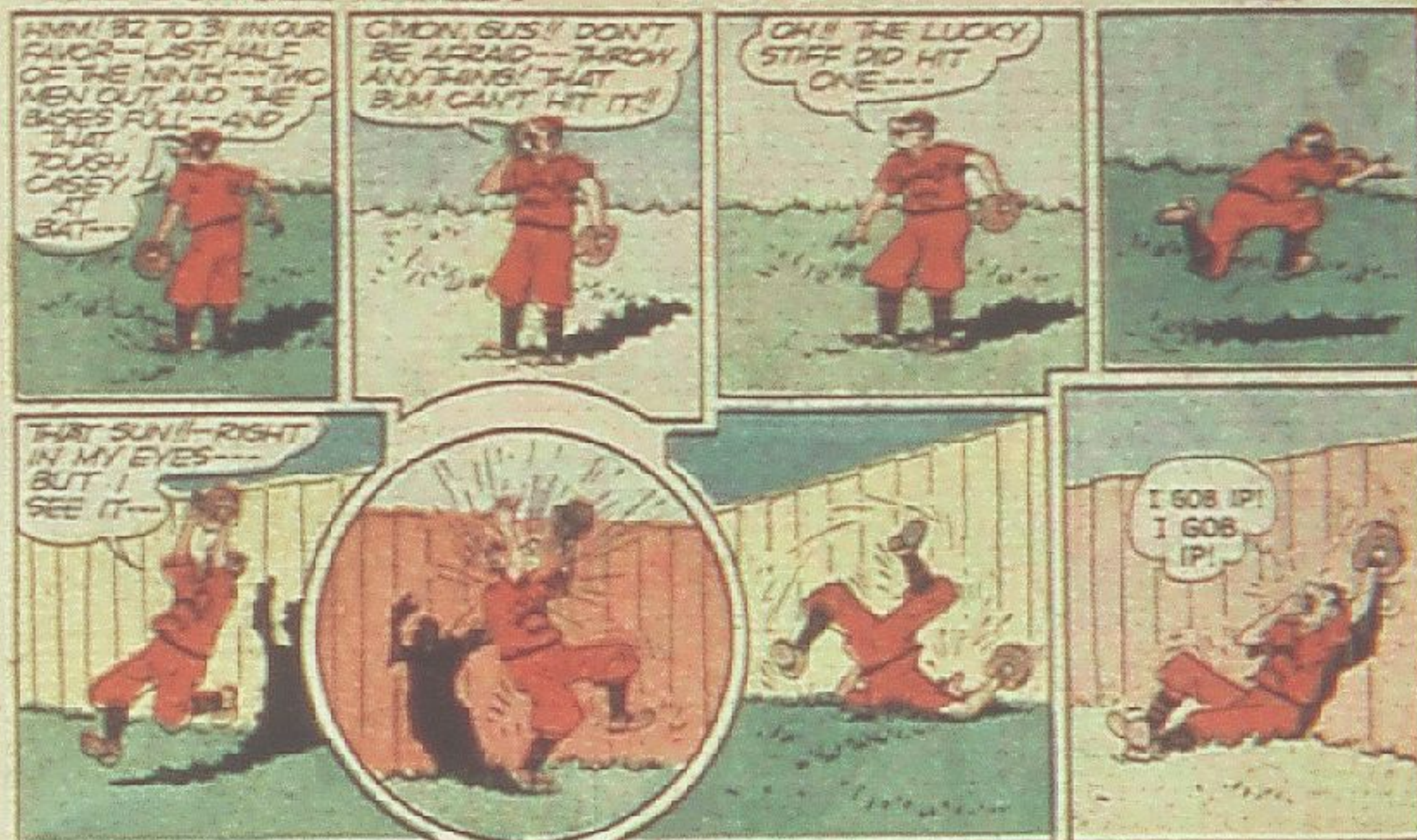




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

CAUSE OF WAR

By H. J. TUTTILL





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

DETERMINED VISITORS

By H. J. TUTTILL



Follow The Bungles in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale July 28th.

REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED



by ART
DINAJIAN

HELLO, MR. BREWSTER—
WHAT'S WRONG AT
THE CIRCLE 'A'
RANCH??

PLENTY,
SERGEANT
REYNOLDS—COME
IN QUICK—I'M
AT MY WITS' END!



SERGEANT, MY DAUGHTER
BESS HAS DISAPPEARED—
SHE WENT RIDING YESTERDAY
—AND SHE HASN'T COME
BACK YET—WHAT SHALL
WE DO??—AND LOOK
WHAT I
RECEIVED
THIS
MORNING!!

A
NOTE,
EH??



HMM—IT SAYS "IF YOU
MAKE THAT SHIPMENT
TOMORROW YOU WILL
NEVER SEE YOUR
DAUGHTER AGAIN—
BEWADE"!!

BUT, IF I
DON'T SHIP
THE CATTLE
I WON'T BE
ABLE TO MAKE
THE LAST PAYMENT
ON THE RANCH
MORTGAGE!!



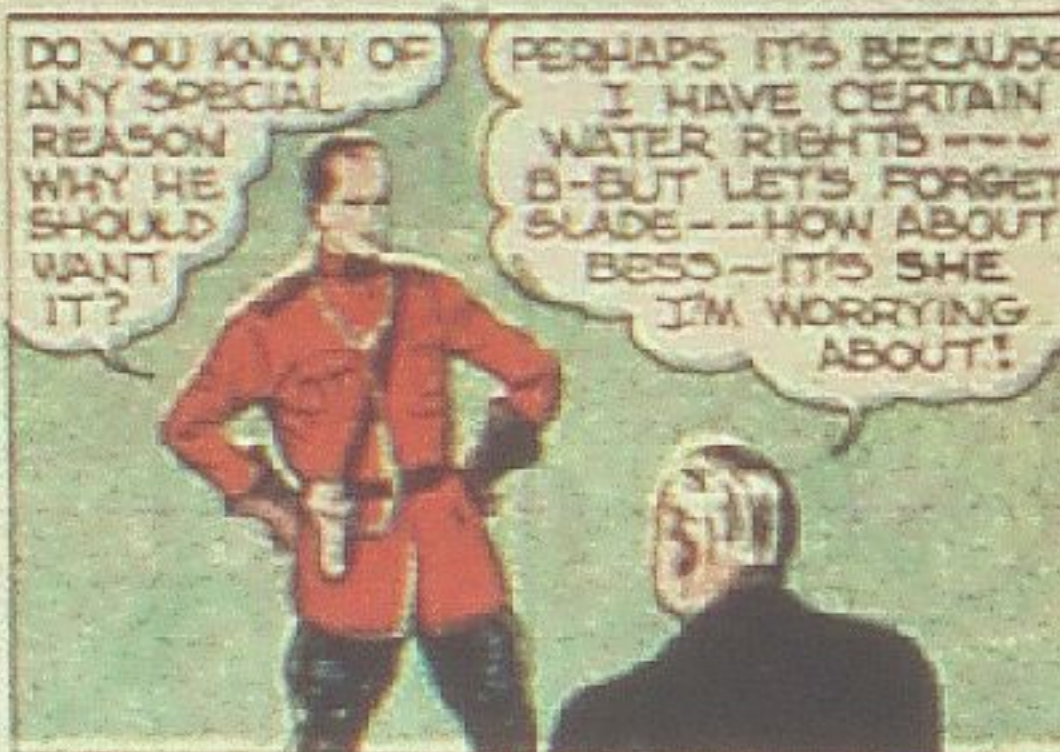
IT'S EVIDENT
THAT SOMEONE
IS AFTER YOUR
RANCH, BREWSTER!
HAVE YOU HAD
ANY OFFERS
LATELY??

WELL, YES—JIM
SLADE, WHO OWNS
THE ADJOINING
RANCH ASKED ME
SEVERAL TIMES TO
SELL OUT BUT I
WOULDN'T!



DO YOU KNOW OF
ANY SPECIAL
REASON
WHY HE
SHOULD
WANT
IT?

PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE
I HAVE CERTAIN
WATER RIGHTS—
B-BUT LET'S FORGET
SLADE—HOW ABOUT
BESS—IT'S SHE
I'M WORRYING
ABOUT!



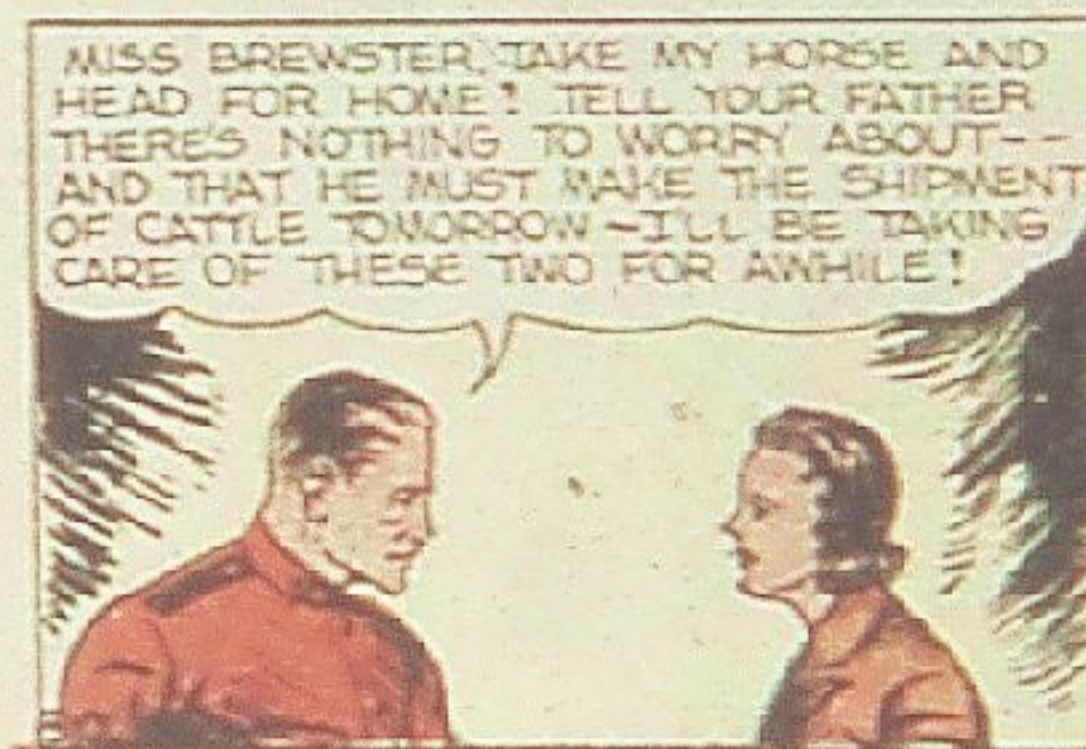
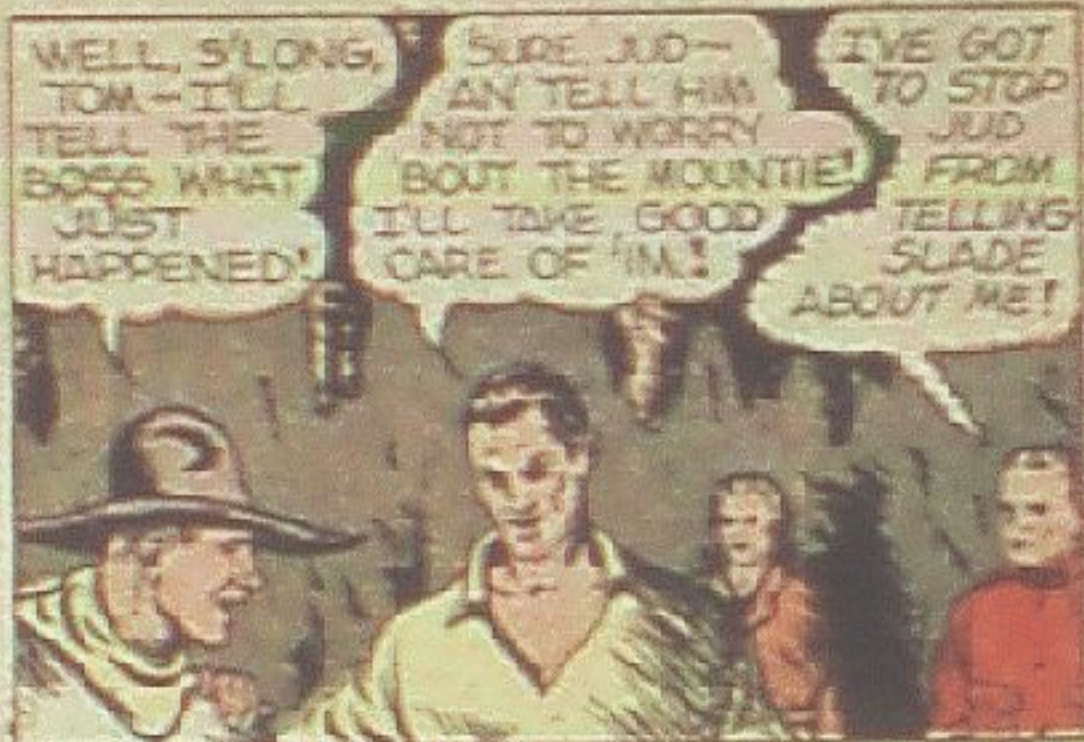
I'M SURE THEY
WON'T HARM HER,
OLD MAN—JUST
TAKE IT EASY—
I'LL BE BACK
SHORTLY!!

I DON'T CARE IF
I DO LOSE THE
RANCH, BUT I'M
NOT GOING TO
MAKE THAT
SHIPMENT!!



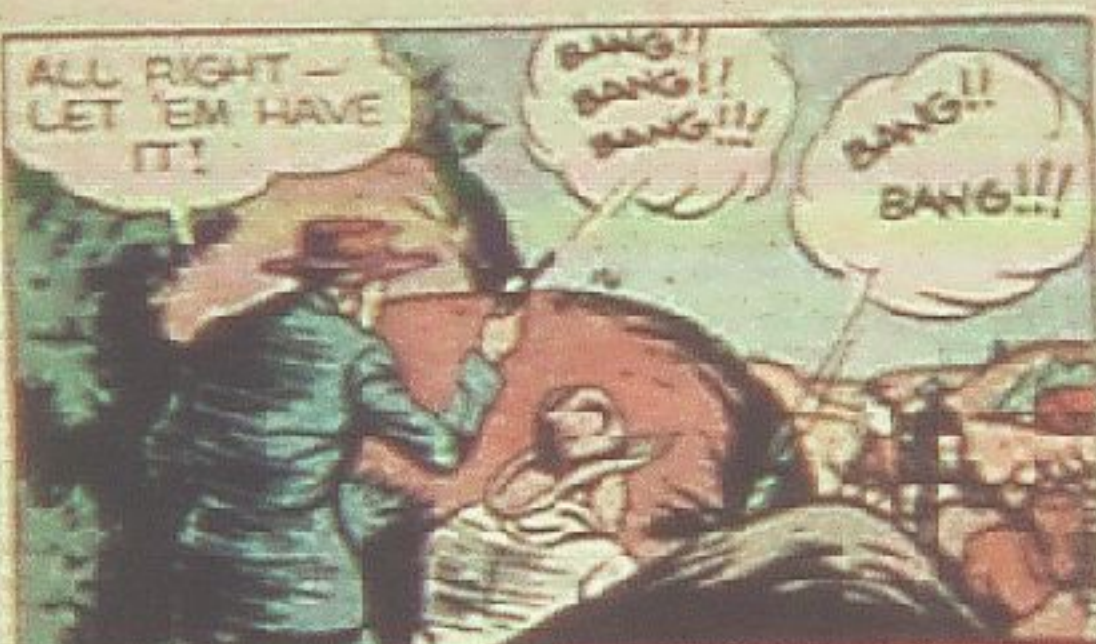
A FEW MINUTES LATER, REYNOLDS
SETS OUT FOR JIM SLADE'S RANCH.







THAT AFTERNOON, WITH BESS ON HAND, BREWSTER BEGINS THE CATTLE DRIVE!



CLOSE BY SLADE AND HIS MEN WAIT THEIR CHANCE TO THWART THE DRIVE!



BUT, SUDDENLY, A HORSEMAN, RIDING LIKE FURY, APPEARS AMONG THE STAMPEDING HERD --- IT'S REYNOLDS!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER ---



Another episode of Reynolds Of The Mounted in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.

RAIN BIRD

By Robert M. Hyatt

Chapter II

He hurried on, and in the distance he could hear the sound of rushing water. It was a sound that struck on his ears like a beautiful melody. Water! Oh, that the parched lands of his people might know that joyous sound! They would . . .

He rounded a turn in the trail when, suddenly, a sharp cry rang out:

"Quien es?"

Broken Bow stopped short and looked about him. He could see no one, even though the moonlight was bright against the lava rocks. "It is I, Broken Bow," he called.

"Come!" directed the voice, and Broken Bow advanced.

"Look before you!"

Broken Bow drew up in horror and an icy hand clutched his spine. A wide trench crossed the trail, and it was filled with squirming, hissing rattlesnakes.

"They will not harm you if you give them no heed," said the strange voice.

Broken Bow made himself strong. He called upon the Great Spirit and the blessed name of his mother, and then stepped forward. This, he knew, was but another test of the true man.

For an arrow's flight he walked through that loathsome mass. At each step he sank to his thighs in snakes and the hissing creatures wrapped themselves about his legs, but not once was he bitten. He heard a chuckle as he regained the good, hard earth of the trail.

"Into the waterfall!" cried the voice.

Ahead, the trail ended at a great stream of water that swirled over a cliff and the noise was thunder in his ears. It seemed a fool's choice to follow the trail into the fall, but the brave Broken Bow would not now be halted.

With his head he took the weight of the water upon his shoulders and pressed into the torrent. Of a sudden the beating on his back stopped and he straightened, unbelieving.

"The cave of the Jugardillos!" he gasped.

Before him lay a mighty cavern and in the dim light of candles and lanterns he could see the dull gold of which the ponderous table in the middle of the room was composed. Around it sat the Jugardillos, shaggy-browed, frightful-looking little men playing with lightning bolts.

"Aye, Red One," chuckled a voice in his ear, "the cave of the Jugardillos!"

Broken Bow whirled, and there at his side stood one of the terrible Little Men. His yellow tusks showed in a frightful grin and he jerked a stubby thumb over his shoulder.

"Come and sit in our game," he grunted.

As if in a dream, Broken Bow let himself be led across to the table. The Jugardillos gave no sign of surprise. Instead, they actually made room for him—and then went on playing their weird game.

The leader of the Jugardillos—a squat, flat-faced creature—seemed to know all about Broken Bow's mission. He said, sullenly:

"You would bring a lightning bolt to your country from the land of the Jugardillos. Your people are dying from thirst and starvation. Is it not true?"

Broken Bow admitted that it was.

"Then there are tests which you must pass ere we give you this precious bolt that brings rain." The ugly leader motioned to one of his men.

"Bring us a bolt, O Yugo!" he commanded.

Yugo reached into the air

and snatched a live lightning bolt from where Broken Bow did not see. He brought it over to the table and placed it in the middle, in a golden cup. Broken Bow's eyes opened wide in astonishment at the writhing thing of blue flame that snapped and crackled close to his face and darted like an angry serpent around the heads of the Jugardillos. A lightning bolt! That was what he must carry back to his people . . .

"To win that bolt," said the shaggy leader, "you must answer three questions correctly. I may add that no man has ever answered more than two correctly . . . are you ready?"

Broken Bow nodded.

"Then here is the first," said the strange little man. "Think well . . . What is greater than strength?"

"Truth," Broken Bow replied immediately.

"Right," said the leader. "Now this is a hard one . . . If these three things were offered you—all the land in the world, wisdom, or everlasting life—which would you take?"

"I would take wisdom," said Broken Bow. "For then I might have all the others if I chose."

"Well answered!" cried the leader, and several others nodded their heads sagely.

"Now," said the leader again, "here is the hardest one of all . . . what is greater than life?"

Broken Bow thought a moment. Then:

"Love of your fellow men," he said quietly. "Love is life, and life is love, so our great priests say."

"Bravo!" "Buena!" the cries rang out. "The red one has won his lightning bolt!"

Dawn was streaking the cave entrance when the leader moved back from the table with a grunt.

"Aye," he snarled, "Tis so. The red one has honestly won his fire bolt."

The speaker rose and, plucking a bubble from the many that floated above the

merry Fountain near the table, put the lightning bolt inside. This he handed to Broken Bow.

"You are a brave man," said the Jugardillo. "Take this and bring life to your dying race."

It was nearly light when the Little Men, with Broken Bow in their midst, started down a steep trail.

The sun was peeping over the mountains when the leader halted and pointed ahead.

"At the end of that trail," he said, "you will find a great flat rock. It is the Place of the Winds. When you reach it, cast your fire bolt over the edge. The trail is perilous, so guard well your bubble until you come to the flat rock. That is all."

Before Broken Bow could voice his thanks, the Jugardillos had vanished. He rubbed his eyes and looked about the sun-flecked rocks. But not one of the strange Little Men remained. Clutching his precious burden to his breast, he started forward. The trail sloped dangerously and his moccasins would scarcely hold him to the flinty path.

At last he reached the flat rock. And now indeed the going was treacherous. If the trail had been smooth, this rock was like ice. His feet slipped and slid and he had visions of hurtling over the edge to some unguessed depths.

He had reached the middle of the rock when disaster came. Without warning, his feet flew from under him, the bubble bounded out of his grasp, and the terrific roar that followed blasted his eardrums. He felt himself skidding over the edge. Then came a sickening lurch and he knew that he was falling over the precipice. He tried to cry out but the up-rushing wind drove his words back. His ears rang with the whistling wind and then the heat of his falling body was suddenly dissipated. Cold rain lashed

against him. Vivid lightning seared his eyeballs and above the roar of sound in his ears he could hear the boom of thunder.

The rain had come! He had fulfilled his mission. His people were saved! He tried to call out to the Great Spirit his thanks: . . .

The Sky People rushed from their hogans, hardly believing, but shouting with joy. Rain! Blessed rain! Broken Bow had saved them! The dry dust rose in clouds in the path of the raging torrents that swept down the parched valleys. Brown maize lifted withered heads and blushed green with new life. The cattle and horses, their tongues clacking in burning mouths, rushed to plunge seared muzzles into the cool water.

Life had come again. The Sky People and the Fire People, and those of the Turtle, the Snake, and Dog Clans, called a great council and there was feasting and dancing for nine days and nine nights. On the ninth day the rain ceased. The sun broke through the clouds on a new and beautiful land. There was but one thing to mar the happiness of the tribes—Broken Bow had not returned.

He Who Walks With the Thunder prayed much and

went into the mountains for meditation. One evening, when the cool winds had begun to blow across the tilled lands bringing their perfume of ripened maize, and red pimientos, and luscious melons, He Who Walks With the Thunder called his people together in the little pueblo.

"My children," he said, "when I sent my only son on his mission of salvation, I knew that he would return again to the valley of the Sky People."

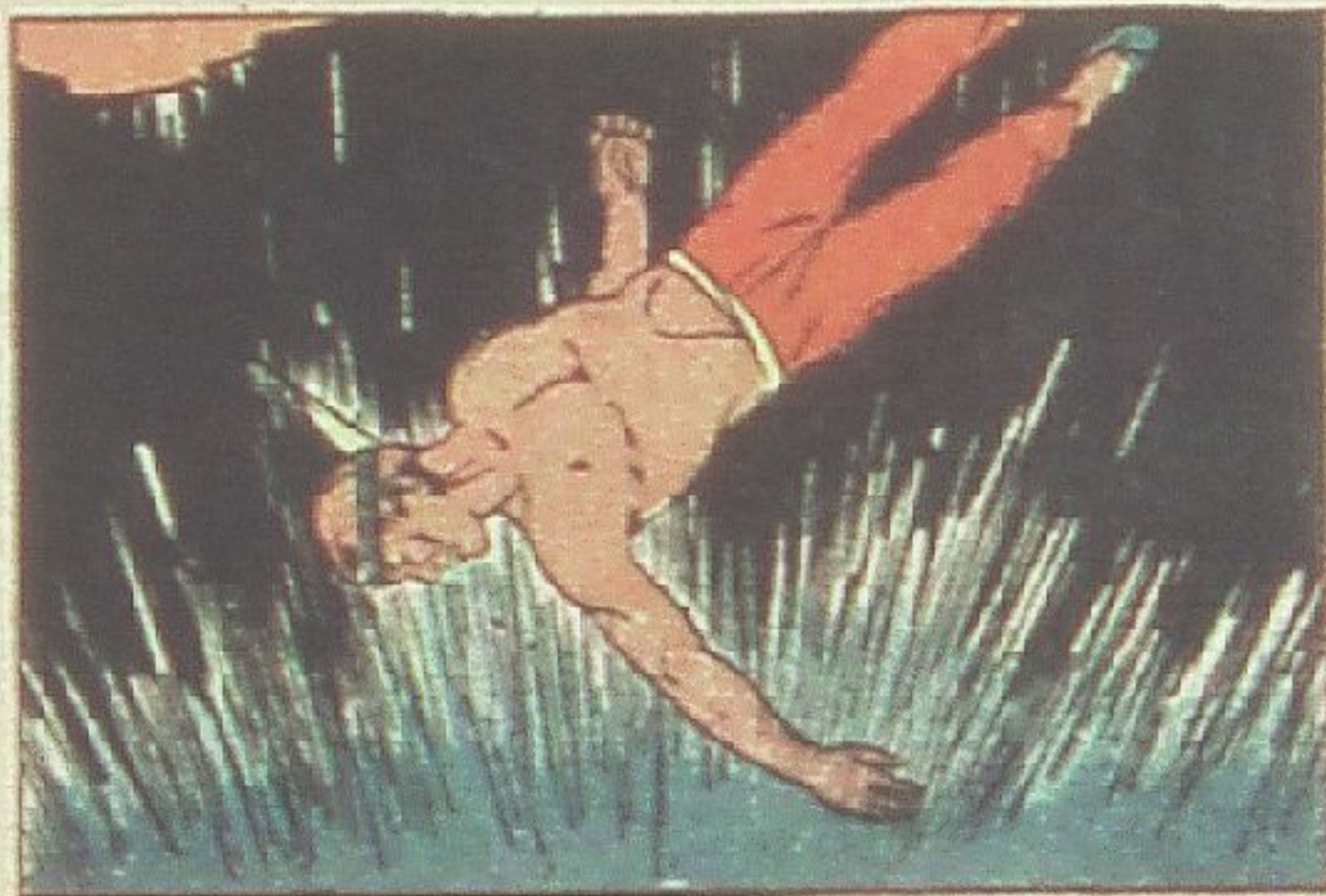
There was a murmur from the crowd.

"I knew he would return, and he has," the old priest went on. "He has come back in the form that the Great Spirit saw fit. I have had a vision. Never again will our lands be parched for water and our crops die. Hark, my people, and you will hear his voice—the voice of my son, Broken Bow!"

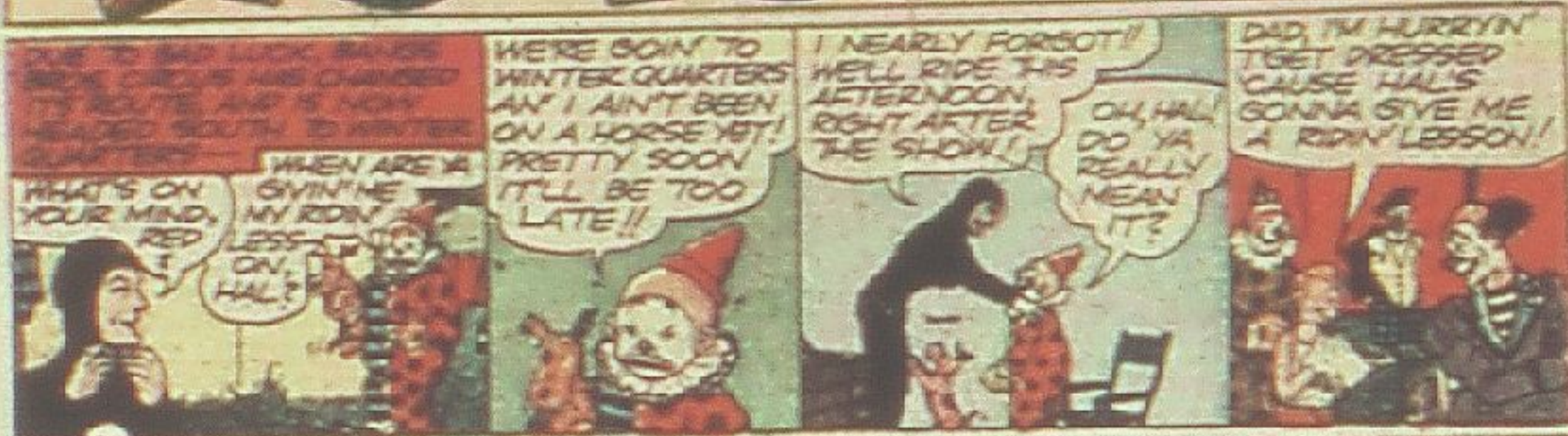
The tribe stood as if turned to stone. There was a silence as of death over the whole valley. Then, from far off in the twilight, came a soft, crooning call, the mournful note of the Rain Bird.

Broken Bow had come back.

Read **DEVIL'S HEAD**, by Robert M. Hyatt, in the September issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale July 28th.



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN

AND HAL GOES IN TO SEE THE BED-RIDDEN YOUNGSTERS—

PLEASE, MR. THOMPSON—GIVE ME YOUR AUTOGRAPH!

YOU BET!!—ANY DAY AT ALL SON!!

LATER—BACK AT THE CIRCUS—

SAY!—WHAT'S THE CRYING FOR, RED?

I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT THEM POOR KIDS, HAL—AN' ABOUT H-HOW LUCKY I AM!

WE GAVE THOSE CHILDREN A GREAT SHOW, BOSS—YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN 'EM SMILE!

SHELL, HAL—BY THE WAY—I'VE HAD A WIRE ABOUT SILK FOWLER TOO!

HIS INJURY CAUSED HIM TO LOSE HIS MEMORY FOR THE TIME BEING! HE'S STILL PRETTY BAD, AND MAY BE IN THE HOSPITAL FOR MONTHS!

JUST BEFORE THE AFTER-NOON SHOW—

SAY—I'M LOOKIN' FOR JEFF BANGS—D'YA KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HIM?

HAH—A DETECTIVE, EH?

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S WRONG NOW?

I MUST SEE YOU ALONE, MR. BANGS—IF YOU DON'T MIND—

OH, HAL—WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT DETECTIVE WANTS HERE ANYWAY?

I DON'T KNOW—BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FOR US TO WORRY ABOUT, DEAR!

GOLLY, JACK—IT MAKES ME NERVOUS HAVIN' A DETECTIVE HANGIN' AROUND!!

YEAH! OUR LUCK'S BEEN SO BAD THAT THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN NEXT!!

—AND THE HOLD-UP FELLAS PLANNED TO DOUBLE-CROSS STINGER AND SILK FOWLER AND KEEP YOUR MONEY!! THEY FOUGHT DIVIDING IT—

AND WE GOT 'EM—HERE IS MOST OF IT!! BACK!

SO! SILK WAS BEHIND IT ALL!!

AS THE HOLD-UP NEWS SPREAD AROUND—

WELL, IT'S PLAIN NOW THAT SILK FOWLER WAS BEHIND OUR BAD LUCK!!

NOW I KNOW WHY I NEVER TRUSTED THAT CROOK!

DOT SILK WAS BAD ALWAYS, DOTTA—I FELT IT!! YEAH!

HEAVENS, HUGO—IT'S A WONDER HE DIDN'T TRY TO POISON US OR SOMETHIN'!

AH—DON'T TAKE IT SO TO HEART, JEFF! THAT CROOK SILK ISN'T EVEN WORTH THINKING ABOUT!!

BUT, BOYS—I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE'D DO A THING LIKE THAT TO ME!!

NOW I SEE HOW SILK AND STINGER WERE TRYING TO WRECK MY SHOW SO I'D GET DIS-GUSTED AND SELL OUT TO THEM!! TSK—TSK!!

MYRA, JEFF IS PRETTY BROKEN UP OVER SILK—I GUESS HE CAN'T IMAGINE A MAN BEING THAT CROOKED!

DEAR, WHY CAN'T WE INVITE HIM OUT TO THE RANCH AFTER WE'RE MARRIED!

RUBE GOLDBERG'S

SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY
STUDY THIS
PICTURE
AND ANSWER
THESE
QUESTIONS—
HOW FAR IS OVER
YONDER?
YES OR NO?
WHERE DID I
PUT MY GLASSES?

SECOND DOWN
FORTY LOVE!

I'LL
PASS!

OUR LATEST INVENTION

THE SIMPLE SUMMER HUSBAND CATCHER

WHEN LADY POWERS
LOSES ANIMAL SNEEZES—
HE JERKS POINT OF ROD 'B'
—DRAUGHTING WATER
BAG 'C'—WATER SHOCKS
TRAMP 'D'—HE FALLS
ON SWITCH 'E'—LIGHTING
BURNER, WHICH HEATS WATER
IN BOTTLE—COOK WITH RAZOR
BLADE SLOWS UP CUTS STRINGS,
MENDING FALSE LETTER WHICH
SAYS YOU'RE RICH, BEFORE MAN



AND I'LL HARRY HER

FOOLISH QUESTIONS No. 736520

HOWDY, FOLKS,
TRAVELIN'
IN A
TRAILER!

NO—WE'RE
DOIN' THIS
TO SHAKE UP
OUR BABY'S
MEDICINE
BEFORE WE
GIVE IT TO
HIM!!



CANDID CARTOONS

THE
SCULPTOR
HAS
CAUGHT
THE
SPIRIT
OF OUR
EXISTENCE

A TRULY
GREAT
RENDERING
OF THE
ELUSIVE
COSMIC
URGE

SUCH
GRACE!

TONY, YOU
CAN COME
OUT—
THEY
LIKE
YOUR
STATUE

DON'T
TELL 'EM—
BUT I
DON'T
KNOW WHAT
IT MEANS
MYSELF!!



LYDO MCGOOCH HAS
A CAMERA BIRD.
HIS CAMERA COST
THOUSANDS, I HEARD



WHILE SNAPPO OTTISH
TOOK PICTURES (DON'T
LAUGH)—HIS BOX ONLY
COST A BUCK AND A HALF

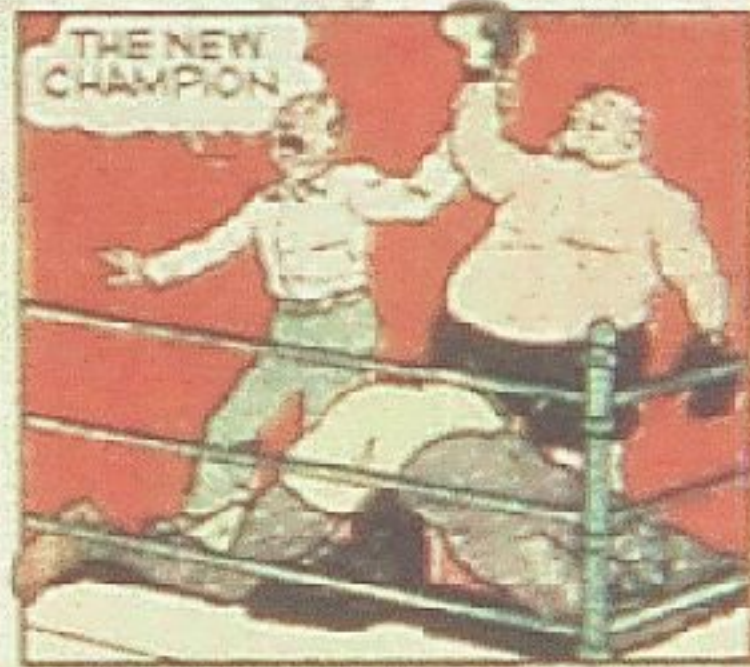


WHILE THIS ONE WAS
TAKEN BY MR. OTTISH,
IT IS AS NICE AS YOU
COULD EVER WISH!!



Follow Rube Goldberg's Side Show in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.

LALA PALOZZA



LALA PALOOZA

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

VINCENT'S SPECIAL KEYHOLE
FINDER—VERY HANDY WHEN
RETURNING FROM REUNIONS,
LOOSE MEETINGS AND
MANY PARTIES—



Our Famous FOOLISH INVENTIONS



OUR NEW AUTOMATIC
SALT SHAKER—
WHEN WAITRESS POWDERS
NOSE LITTLE ANIMAL
SNEEZES—BLOWING
BALL AND ROCKET—
THIS STARTS SHINE
MUSIC ON RADIO
—DANCERS
JUMP AROUND—
AND SALT SHAKES
INTO YOUR SOUP.

TELEPHONIES



Lala Palooza!

LALA—IT'S
LONESOME BEIN'
HERE ALONE!
I THINK I'LL GO
ALONG TO THE
BEAUTY PARLOR
WITH YOU—

NOW VINCENT—
BEHAVE YOUR-
SELF WHILE I'M
GETTING MY
HAIR—

THERE'S
PROBABLY
SOME
SWEET
DOLLS
IN
HERE!

MISS
LALA—
I HAVE
A GREAT
SURPRISE
FOR
YOU!

MAYBE I CAN GET
SOME GOOD PHONE
NUMBERS IN
THIS
JOINT!



SEE I HAVE INSTALLED SEVEN
NEW PATENT ELECTRO-
CONTACT HAIRING MACHINES!
THEY DO AWAY
WITH HAND
CURLING—
HOW GRAND!



IT'S
LOVELY!
I FEEL
IT
WORKING
ALREADY
TOO!



WHEN YOU SIT ON
THE CHAIR THE
BELL LOWERS
ITSELF—AND THE
MACHINE DOES
THE REST—



WHY THESE GALS ARE TOO
BUSY TO GIVE ME A TUMBLE!
GUESS I'LL SNEAK IN ONE OF
THESE BOOTHS AND
TAKE A GOOD
NAP!



PIERRE, IT'S A
WONDERFUL
HAIR—AND
SO QUICK
TOO!!



WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT, GIVE
HIS HEAD A
NEW SHAPE!



Follow Lala Palooza in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale July 28th.

RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT
OF THE WEST"

by WILL ARTHUR

RANCE AND HIS
SADDLE PARTNER,
CHAPS SHAW,
HAVE LEFT THE
TOWN OF
TOMBSTONE
AND ARE
HEADED FOR
"WAGONWHEEL,"
ANOTHER SMALL
WESTERN
TOWN, WHEN—

I UNDERSTAND
THERE'S A DUDE
RANCH NEAR
HERE, CHAPS!

I ALWEEZ WONDERED
WHAT THEN THERE
DUDE OUTFITS WERE
LIKE!! WE'RE IN NO
HUDDY, LET'S LOOK
THIS ONE OVER!!



HALF AN HOUR
LATER THEY
RIDE UP TO
THE MOUNTAIN
VALLEY RANCH—

AS THEY
APPROACH,
THEY SEE
SMOKE COMING
FROM ONE
OF THE
OUTBUILDINGS—

HOPPIN' HORNTADS,
RANCE!! THAT SHED
IS ON FIRE!!!



THERE MAY BE
SOME HORSES IN
THERE!! I'M GONNA
SEE!!



HELP ME BREAK
THIS DOOR DOWN,
CHAPS!!



RANCE ENTERS
THE BURNING
SHACK—

A FEW MINUTES
LATER HE
REAPPEARS AT
THE DOOR
CARRYING A
LIMP FORM—

W-WHY-IT'S
A PURTY
GAL!!



THE TWO
ADVENTURERS
CARRY THE
GIRL TO THE
RANCH HOUSE—

THEY HAVE
LITTLE
TROUBLE
IN REVIVING
HER—

SHE'S OPENING
HER EYES!!



OWWW!
THIS IS
TERRIBLE!!

JUST TAKE IT EASY,
MISS! IF YOU CAN TELL
US WHAT HAPPENED,
WE'LL TRY TO HELP YOU!



I'M JOAN HERN- MY BROTHER, JESS, AND I RUN THIS OUTFIT! JESS FIRED TWO OF THE 'HANDS' A COUPLE DAYS AGO, AND TODAY THEY CAME BACK AND ROBBED THE PLACE!!



JOAN EXPLAINS THAT HER BROTHER HAD LEFT EARLY IN THE MORNING TO TAKE THE DUDES ON A SIGHTSEEING TRIP TO THE CANYON, THUS LEAVING HER ALONE ON THE RANCH-

THEY GOT AWAY WITH ALL THE DUDES' MONEY AND VALUABLES! IF WE CAN'T MAKE GOOD OUR GUESTS' LOSSES, OUR BUSINESS WILL BE RUINED!!



DID THEM LOWDOWN CRITTERS LOCK YOU IN THE SHED AND SET IT AFIRE?

THEY PUT ME IN SO THAT I COULDN'T INTERFERE WITH THEM WHILE THEY WERE GOING THROUGH THINGS- THE FIRE WAS STARTED BY ONE OF THEIR CIGARETTES, DROPPED BY ACCIDENT!!



WHAT'LL WE DO, RANCE?

WELL, THEY'D PROBABLY HEAD FOR THE MOUNTAINS TO HIDE- AND THEY'D HAVE TO STOP TO WATER THEIR HORSES-



THERE'S ONLY ONE WATERHOLE BETWEEN HERE AND THE MOUNTAINS- IF I CAN GET THERE BEFORE THEY PUSH ON, I'LL HAVE THEM! YOU STAY WITH JOAN, CHAPS!

AW, I AIN'T A HAND TO HANG AROUND PURTY GALS!



RANCE QUICKLY MOUNTS AND RIDES OFF-



AS HE COMES UP CLOSE TO THE WATERHOLE HE DISMOUNTS AND FINDS A VANTAGE POINT! SURE ENOUGH, THE TWO BANDITS ARE NEARBY-



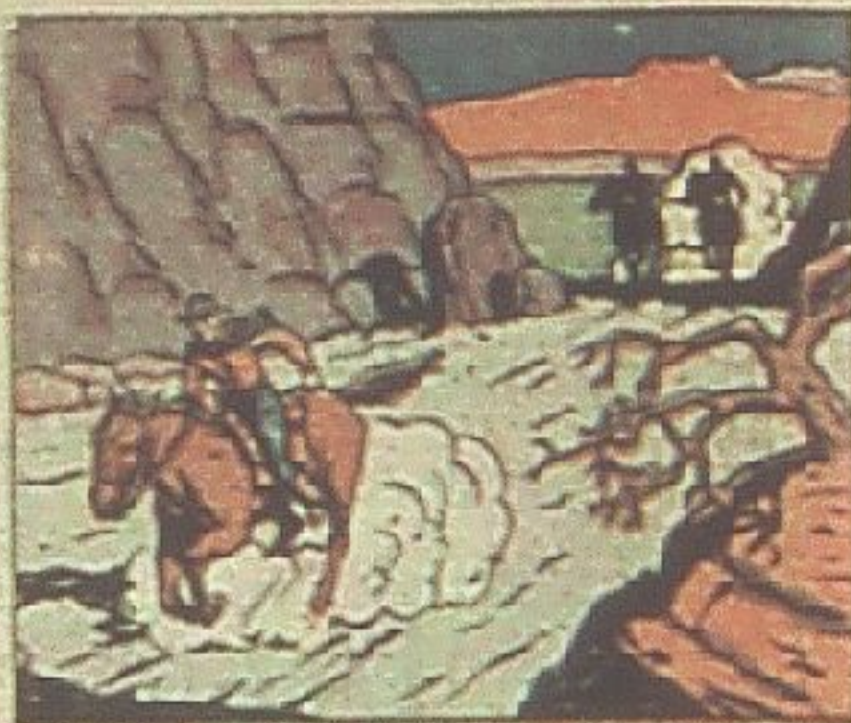
BUT, SUDDENLY HE HEARS A RATTLE AND SEES A SNAKE BEFORE HIM-





RANCE'S JUMP SAVES HIM FROM THE SNAKE BUT IT ALSO WARNS THE BANDITS OF HIS PRESENCE!

LEAPING TO HIS SADDLE, RANCE SPURS HIS MOUNT WITH THE TWO OUTLAWS HOT ON HIS HEELS-



BUT--A BANDIT'S BULLET DRAGS RANCE



THE KNIGHT OF THE WEST SOON FINDS HIMSELF CORNERED AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF WITHOUT A WEAPON-



THINKING QUICKLY AND CLEARLY, HE TAKES HIS LARIAT FROM HIS SADDLE AND THEN MAKES HIS MOUNT LEAP INTO THE STREAM BELOW!

HE ALSO TOSSES HIS HAT OVER THE EDGE-



NO SOONER IS RANCE SAFELY HIDDEN AMONG THE ROCKS THAN THE TWO OUTLAWS RIDE UP-



LOOK!

HIS HORSE AND HAT ARE DOWN THERE-GUESS WE GOT THAT BIRD!!



BUT RANCE,
MEANWHILE,
HAS MADE
HIS WAY TO
THE TOP OF
A HIGH ROCK!

HE SWINGS
HIS LASSO--



WHAT
THE--!!



BEFORE THE
BANDITS
RECOVER,
RANCE HAS
LEAPED FROM
THE ROCK
AND SEIZED
THEIR GUNS!



DON'T TRY
ANYTHING!!

TWO HOURS LATER, RANCE RIDES
UP TO THE RANCH WITH HIS PRISONERS--



HE IS MET
BY JOAN AND
CHADS--

AFTER THE
BANDITS ARE
TIED AND
LOCKED IN
A ROOM,
RANCE GIVES
JOAN THE
RECOVERED
LOOT--



OH, HOW CAN I
EVER THANK YOU,
MR. KEANE?

WELL, BY JUST
CALLING ME RANCE!

AW C'MON, RANCE,
LET'S PUSH ON TO
WAGONWHEEL!



OH, YOU CAN'T LEAVE YET!
THE DUDES WOULD BE SO
DISAPPOINTED IF THEY
DIDN'T MEET YOU--AND
BESIDES, I--WELL--I--

I'M SORRY JOAN,
BUT WE'LL HAVE
TO GO--BUT MAYBE
WE'LL VISIT YOU
AGAIN SOME DAY!



YOU KNOW, RANCE, I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'D DO WHEN GALS
MAKE EYES AT YOU
IF I WASN'T AROUND!!



OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

4-1-2



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By Ham Fisher

PUNCHING THE SMALL BAG WILL DEVELOPE YOUR ACCURACY AND TIMING. LEARN HOW TO CONTROL THE BAG--LEAD WITH A PUNCH AND MEET THE REBOUND THE SAME WAY.



THE PROPER MOTION IS A ROLLING MOTION OF THE FISTS. IT'S CALLED THE "TATOO"



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

ONCE WHEN JOE WAS A SMALL BOY



HEY, FELLAS--LOOK WHAT I GOT!!



GIVE IT TO 'IM, JOE!

CIMON, JOE!



BOXIN' GLOVES!!

GEE!

DAD GOT ME 'EM FOR MY BIRTHDAY! SOME PRESENT, HUH?



I'M A SWEET FIGHTER--LEMMIE PUT 'EM ON!

POP TOOK ME TO A PRICE-FIGHT WREST!

PUT 'EM ON WITH 'IM, JOE!



TOH TOH!

SMACK!



ESCUSE ME--BUT YOUSE SHOULD ALWEEZ--

SOCK 'IM, JOE!!

CIMON, JOE!



HEY!!

WHY DONT YA HIT 'IM, PALOOKA?



JUST A SECON--YOUSE ALWEEZ SHAKE--

AW, SHUT UP AN' FIGHT!!



RILLY--YOUSE SHOULDN'T HIT TIL YA SHAKE HANDS--LIKE THEY DO AT PRICE-FIGHTS--

CIMON, FIGHT! I DONT WANT T SHAKE HANDS!!

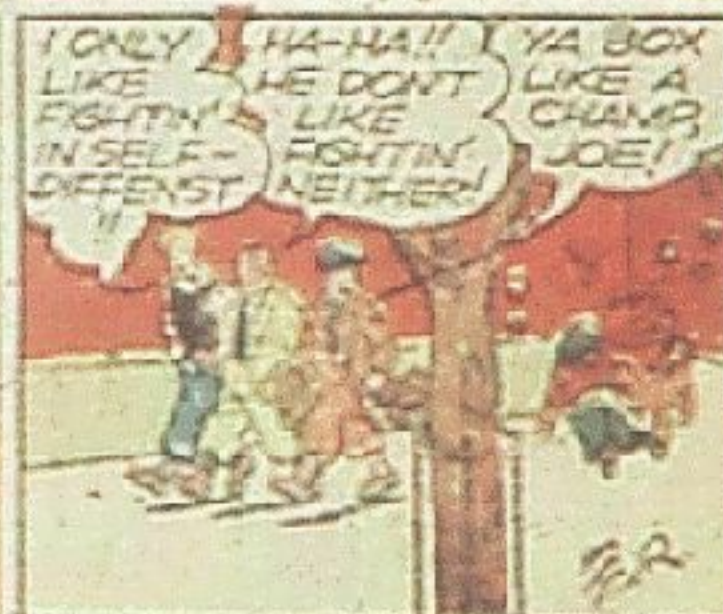


OH WELL--I DINT KNOW THAT--

YA DO NOW!!



THEN THAT'S DIFFERNT!



I ONLY LIKE FIGHTIN' IN SELF-DIFFENST!!

HA-HA!! HE DONT LIKE FIGHTIN' NEITHER!

YA BOX LIKE A CHAMP, JOE!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

SHORT HOOKING THE BAG IS DONE BY SIMPLY STRIKING WITH ONE FIST AND THEN THE OTHER AS IN FIG. 1---



A GOOD HARD HOOK TO THE BAG AND OTHER BLOWS YOU'VE LEARNED WILL GIVE VARIETY TO THE TATTOO---



JOE PALOOKA

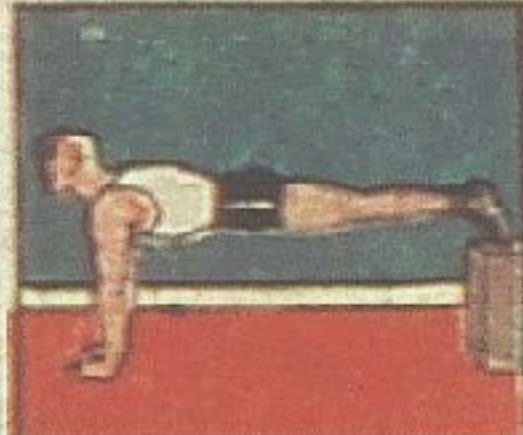
By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER

TRY LOWERING AND RAISING YOURSELF TEN TIMES IN THE MANNER SHOWN HERE--



FOR A STRONG NECK, LIE BACK LIKE THIS ON YOUR HEAD--KEEP HANDS ON YOUR CHEST



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



More of Joe Palooka in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale July 28th.

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EACH MONTH

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in humor, action, and thrills.**

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